JOHN BULL, APRIL 22, 1939. VOL. LXV. 1714

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

RATIONAL TAILORING *for* Spring Wear

MADE to MEASURE
You can get your suit cut to your individual requirements at The Fifty Shilling Tailors. We have a large staff of expert cutter-designers to see that your needs are satisfied. And any little personal wishes you may have with regard to cut and finish will be attended to immediately.

READY-TO-WEAR:
We always have in stock a huge selection of Ready-to-Wear clothes, Lounge suits, light overcoats, raincoats, flannels, sports coats, two-piece suits. We can fit and satisfy you in no time. Thanks to our big organisation we really are *the* people for Ready-to-Wear.

FOR YOUTHS: MADE TO MEASURE. If you have a son at the difficult age (between 14 and 17) bring him along to us. We take a special interest in the needs of these young men—who are often every bit as particular as their fathers about clothes—and we always keep in stock a large variety of good hard-wearing cloths, specially for them.

YOUTHS' SUITS 35/-
YOUTHS' BLUE RAINCOATS 25/-
YOUTHS' OVERCOATS 30/- & 35/-

FOR THE LADIES:
No woman's wardrobe is really complete until she has a smart tailor-made suit. And when she gets it she finds it wears so well and so long that it helps her to save on the rest of her outfit. At The Fifty Shilling Tailors, we keep a special range of patterns and textures to please the most exacting feminine eye. The suits are cut by expert cutters in genuine man-tailoring style. Thousands of women have tried our suits and all have been thoroughly pleased with them.

STANDARD PRICE 55/-

OUR new Spring patterns are going great guns at our 350 branches all over the country. They are certainly a brilliant selection this year—full of life and vitality—optimistic patterns for the young man, quiet patterns for the middle aged and safe patterns for the cautious. And the quality of the cloth is superior to anything we ever imagined at 50/-. Come in and see them *at once.*

The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

PROPRIETORS: PRICES TAILORS LTD.

OVER 350 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

Women of Clay...

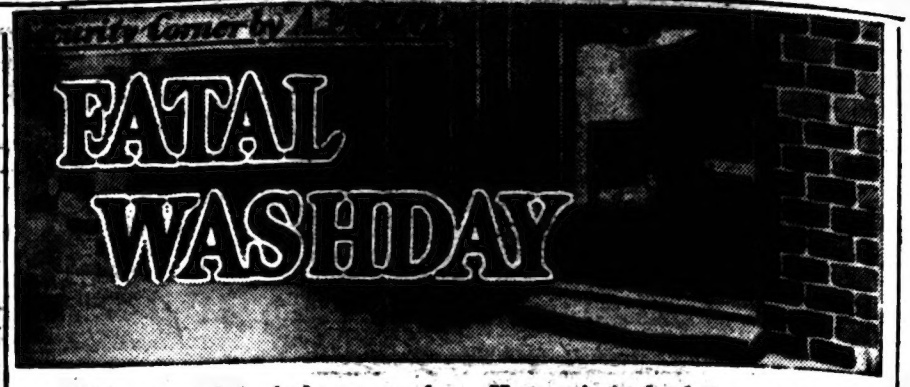
IT'S a strange world—once again "Illustrated," just out, brings you scores of wonderful pictures of things you might never otherwise see—intimate—fascinating—daring! *Where, why and how,* for instance, do people make women of clay? And did you know there's a factory where rattlesnakes are canned for eating? . . . Then there are Britain's new airmen—you ought to see how intensively they are being trained . . . You must see, too, the woman whose face resembles 20 famous people . . . The intriguing series of photographs showing how to be ill and like it! . . . How a musical play is made . . . In fact, "Illustrated's" great array of pictures alone brings you world-record value for twopence. But this brilliant 64-page weekly doesn't stop at pictures. "Illustrated" has FULL COLOURS on the cover and also inside, too . . . It has many John drawings by such master humorists as A. G. Barrett, O. Soglow, Heath Robinson, Lawson Wood, Bruce Bairnsfather and Henry Boltinoff. The magazine section has four complete stories, including one about Alonzo MacTavish, Peter Cheyney's famous radio character.

Millions of people read "Illustrated" every week. Get your copy at once—it's a twopenny investment that repays the whole family with hours of entertainment. Owing to the increasing demand, you are also strongly advised to place a standing order with your newsagent to deliver "Illustrated" to you every Wednesday.

Look for this Cover in FULL COLOURS

ILLUSTRATED

64 PAGES JUST OUT TWOPENCE



ONCE again wash-day had come round and she was busy in the out-house filling and lighting the copper. At last everything was ready and she left the out-house to go to the kitchen. Suddenly and without warning she slipped and fell heavily on the concrete path, fracturing her left thigh bone.

Her neighbour, hearing her cries, rushed in to render assistance. She was hurried to hospital where everything possible was done for her, but, unfortunately, complications set in and she died a few days later.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT CHEQUE

This, in brief, is the tragic fate that recently befell Mrs. M. A. Sewell, of Scrafield, nr. Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

As Mrs. Sewell was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

In addition to providing numerous other benefits, "John Bull" is **still the only paper in the world to safeguard your** household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£515 3s. 9d. PAID LAST WEEK

During the past week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £515 3s. 9d. to registered readers or their dependants.

Here are just a few letters received from readers—letters that are typical of the big mail received almost daily.

EXCEEDS EXPECTATIONS

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of benefit under your Insurance, for which I thank you very much. I must state that prompt attention and payment given was above my expectations.

"Thanking you for the straightforward way in which the business has been done."

C. V. H., Langley Mills.

THANKFUL I AM A REGISTERED READER

"I am thankful I am a registered reader of 'John Bull' and able to call on your fine Free Insurance when needed. Thanking you once again."

G. W. F., Wandsworth.

"JOHN BULL"—A GREAT HELP

"I wish to acknowledge having received Benefit under 'John Bull's' Free Insurance Gift, for which my wife and I thank you most heartily, as it has been a great help towards building a new home to replace the one we lost." *J. W., Nottingham.*

FRIEND IN NEED

The possession of "John Bull's" Certificate of Security gives you a real sense of protection. In your daily round you are often brought face to face with unsuspected risks and dangers, and it is a great relief and comfort to think that if misfortune does come your way—"John Bull" will prove your "true friend in need"—a friend to whom you can turn, confident of ready and open-handed assistance.

If you have not yet registered you are urged to do so immediately. It may mean so much to you and yours.

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 22/4/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

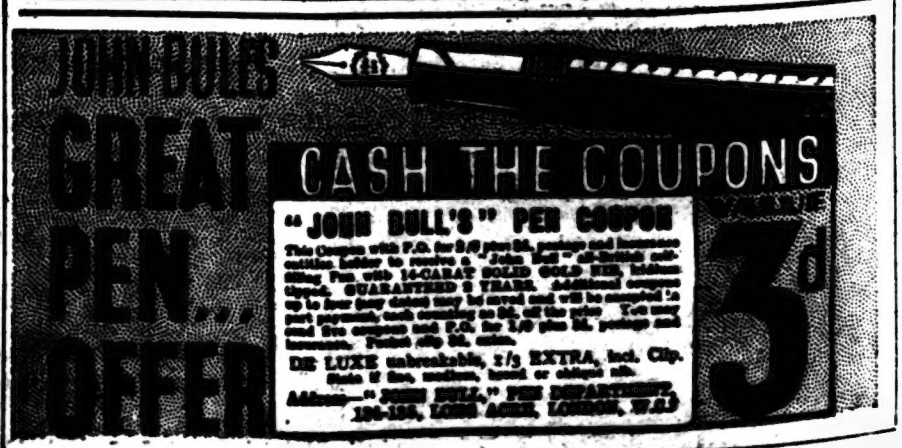
Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 22/4/39.



CARPET BARGAINS

9½

This Placement Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- etc., we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Production" Remnants SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc. hand-some all-wool quality Hessian backed, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Rose, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 3 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 30/-. Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

Illus. Bargain Catalogue post free.

PRINT AT HOME FOR PLEASURE OR PROFIT POUND NOTES

- WITH THE NEW ADANA QUARTO PRINTING MACHINE

Sensational New Money-Making Opportunities! YOU—even without at present possessing the slightest previous experience or knowledge—can commence at once in your home to print anything from a Visiting Card to a Full Quarto Poster!

FREE BOOK £££s from Print

The actual size inside type frame of this New Adana is no less than 9½ x 7½ ins. Send at once for Free Book, "Pounds from Print," together with particulars, easy terms and samples of work.

D. A. Adana (J.119), 17, Church St. Twickenham
London Showrooms: Ludgate House, Fleet St.

SOHO MYNA

Look!!!

Landscapes, portraits, groups (size 3¼in. by 2¼in.) can be taken with the new "MYNA" all-British folding camera. It has a large brilliant view finder, quick loading action and is finished in crinkle black and chromium plate. A very smart and efficient camera.

Wonderful value at **15/-**

Ask your dealer or write direct to
SOHO Ltd., 3, Soho Square, London, W.1

This GENUINE 18ct. GOLD PLATED WATCH ABSOLUTELY FREE

Would you like this handsome Gent's Shockproof Swiss Lever Wristlet watch with unbreakable glass and real calf strap? This splendid timekeeper with guarantee can be yours absolutely FREE! An amazing gift offer to introduce something new—something good—"Raviver" Sheffield Steel, 3-hole type double-edged razor blades at 1/8 per pkt. of 12. Just order 4 packets enclosing P.O. 5/- plus 2d. for postage and packing and receive 48 super blades and this splendid watch by return. Nothing else to pay, money back if not delighted. Choice of Ladies' Model. Send NOW to:—

WHITEHALL SURPLUS SUPPLIES (Dpt.J.B.1), 51, Whitehall, London, S.W.1
(One minute Trafalgar Square). *Telephone* WHI. 6962.

SOUTH WESTERN SALE!

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. LTD

FILMS FREE FOR WHITSUN AND FOR EVER

Weland your Camera FREE with an ultra-rapid British-made 'Gnatagnost' film to advertise the Gnatagnost Service. NO 'CATCH.' Send this advt. with name, address and 2d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return.

ALL STANDARD SIZES: 2½ x 2½, 4½ x 2½, 3 x 3, or 2½ x 1⅝ ins., and to fit KODAK 620 Camera.

GNATHFOOL LTD. (Dept. J.B.2.), 207, Wilton Street, Glasgow, C.2. or 27, Ivor Lane, London, E.1

QUICK-CUTTING GARDEN SCYTHE

FREE!

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor edge tempered steel 9-in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved Scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW 2/- P.O., Cheque or English Stamps to:
Wm. PENN, Ltd. (Dept. AS), 623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

£2-16-9 PROFIT ON 5/3

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Clubs, Fetes or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 600-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes £2-16-9 profit at 2d. per punch, and £4-6-0 at 1d. per punch. Agents working out special profit-sharing plans are making £5 to £10 weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 300-hole board and illustrated price list - 3/9 post free.

Discount for dozen lots.

BURDON HUNTER
(Punchboard Specialist).
Dept. J, 26, Woodville Road, London, E.11.
TRADE SUPPLIED (Late Cannonite Street.)

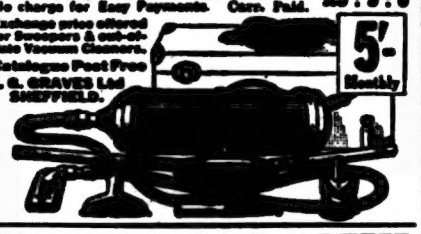
GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

POWERFUL ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER of British make for A.C. or D.C. Mains, equal to more expensive machines, perfectly safe, warranted 2 years. Insulated ball bearing motor, handsomely covered body, bright parts chromium plated, rubber mounted hose, 15ft. cable, 2 extension handles, swivel nozzle, sterilising and deodorising unit, compartment for cleaning carpets, furniture, &c. Wood cabinet 26 x 15 x 10ins. £5:5:0
No charge for Easy Payments. Carr. Paid.

Exchange price offered for Successful & out-of-date Vacuum Cleaners.

5/- Monthly

Catalogue Post Free
J. G. GRAVES Ltd SHEFFIELD.

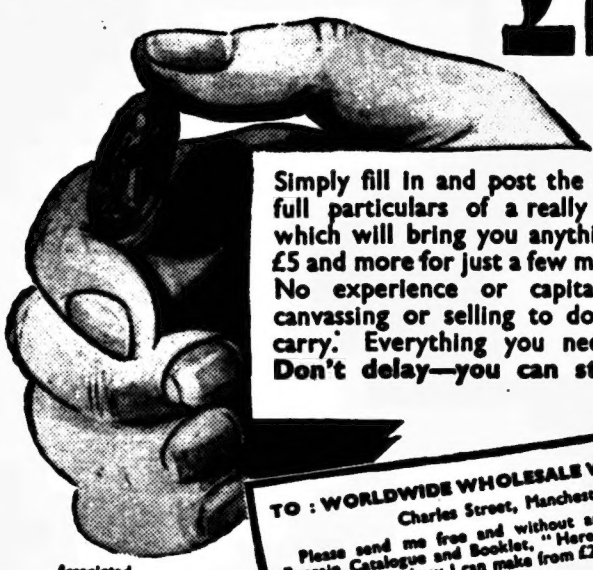


SOMETHING NEW IN CYCLE VALUES

My new lists show the most amazing bargains from 57/6 cash, or terms. Send a postcard for the finest free Cycle Catalogue of the year, also Coupon for FREE accessories.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, LTD.
Dept. B, COVENTRY.

Just a ½d for a stamp but it can mean at least £2 to you!



Simply fill in and post the coupon below for full particulars of a really profitable hobby which will bring you anything from £2 up to £5 and more for just a few minutes' spare time. No experience or capital required. No canvassing or selling to do. No samples to carry. Everything you need provided free. Don't delay—you can start right away.

TO: WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES,
Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without any obligation your Bargain Catalogue and Booklet, "Here's Extra Money for You," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

J.B. 50 .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

Associated Warehouses—
J. D. Williams and Co., Ltd.
Estd. 1875.

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
Charles Street, MANCHESTER, 1

NOW! The Greatest Achievement for the DEAF

SMALLEST DEAF AID IN THE WORLD

The New Silver Mite. Absolutely invisible. Amazing power. Light and invisible. Fits right in the ear. No Batteries—No Wires—No Cost of Upkeep. Test it and judge for yourself. Immediately gives better hearing; also, by means of a new device, improves the hearing. This week only 26/- per pair, usual price 42/-.

This week only 26/- per pair: usual price 42/-.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Send name and address for 30 Days' Free Trial.—D. & J. HILL, LTD., Auditory Dept., 248, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Cir. Tube Stn.). (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.)
Supplies under National Health Benefit.

DON'T BUY IT—TRY IT

120 PRIZES FREE

Write to-day for full details and catalogue.
E. J. RILEY, LTD.,
Dale Works, ACCRINGTON
or Dept. 32, 46/47, Newgate St., London, E.C.1

RILEY'S famous BOWLS

5/- down. BALANCE MONTHLY

FREE BUILDINGS

Also 8/- in £ REDUCTION. Write for full details. Buildings in sections. Easily bolted. On approval. Prompt despatch. Carr. Paid. FREE Catalogues:

GARAGES	..	50 0
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KRAFTEX	..	25 0
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ARMY HUTS, etc.	..	25 0

THORNS Ltd.

(Dept. 50), Brewers Road, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT.
MANCHESTER OFFICE: (Dept. 50), 58, CORPORATION ST.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Finest 46/-, 56/-, & 63/- SUITS in the Trade. Easiest Terms at no extra charge. Complete range of actual Cloth Patterns for Business Suits, Sports Wear, Evening Clothes, Overcoats, Raincoats, etc. Perfect cut, style, and fit.

GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN. State the kind of suit you are thinking about, and patterns out from 25 different bales of newest suiting cloths now being made up, will be sent free. Worsteds, Serges, Tweeds, Cheviots, etc. We guarantee your Suit to be to your entire satisfaction.

Please cut out this Advert. and pin to your letter for earliest attention.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

5/- Monthly

A FINE WHITE FINISH for STONE STEPS etc

Keep your Front Steps, Window Sills, Door Lintels, etc., white and bright with White Cardinal Polish. Easy to use.

Will not wash off in the rain.

Also in Cream, Red, Green, Buff and Transparent.
Of all Dealers. CP/CG/3

BUILD A BUSINESS BY MAIL

Shopkeepers & Manufacturers.

LOCAL trade is limited, so why not advertise in "John Bull's" famous "Shop Window" and sell countrywide? Expert advice on suitability of goods and advertisements written by "John Bull's" mail order specialist—free, of course. Details without obligation. Write on business letterheading to:—The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 20, 87/93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

No charge for Easy Terms

Two finest British pure White All Wool Yorkshire Blankets of lovely texture, blue borders, whipped ends. 60x80ins.: 5lb pr. Two All White luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends. 70 x 90ins., 5½lb pair; Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30ins.; One Bolster Case, 20 x 40ins.; Two Grey Candlewick Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90 ins. 4½lb pair; One Alhambra Quilt, 72x94ins. Cas. Paid 60/- or 4/2 monthly. Write for illustrated Catalogue Free.

A. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

let this famous prescription get rid of your 'NERVES!'

This scientifically balanced formula contains eight concentrated tonics to nourish and rejuvenate your nervous system. It makes you brighter in an hour and a new man or woman in two days! Without equal for Brain Fag, Depression, Neurasthenia, Lost Vitality, Head Pains, etc. Take advantage of my

FREE BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send "John Bull" readers TWO 1/- packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/- to-day with this advertisement, asking for SHADFORTH Brand Tonic Tablets to—

Mr. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S.,
Mail Order Dept.,
SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD.
(Dept. J.B.2), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

GET that SUTCLIFFE StoreSHED NOW!

FROM MONTHLY 3/8

Design S.S. For Boating Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Bulk in Garage, pushed sliding sections. Easily the best value. Carriage paid. Roofing Felt included free. Floors extra. Small Sizes from 24/-.

Delivered on first payment.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or 12 pts.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2 12 0
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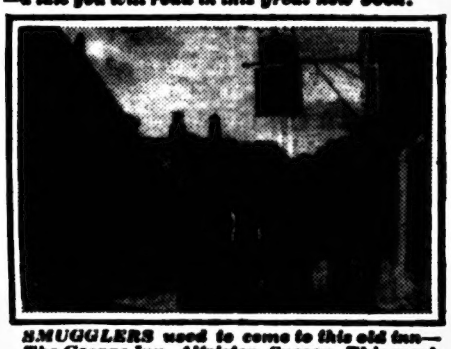
10ft.	7ft.	7ft.	£5 5 0
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	£6 10 0

Send for Free Catalogue. Garages 75/-. Greenhouses 35/-, Aviaries 42/-, Workshops 65/-, Poultry Cabins 35/-, Fencing 3/- per yd. Kennels 27/-. Sports Huts from 24/-. Summer Houses 42/6. Portholes 2/6 ea. Summer Houses 42/6.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 22, Wood Top, Holmfirth Bridge, Yorkshire. London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford Street, W.1

John Bull invites every reader to accept THE BOOK

QUAINT THATCHED COTTAGES in the valley of the Test—they breathe a tale you should know—a tale you will read in this great new book.



SMUGGLERS used to come to this old inn—The George Inn, Alfriston, Sussex. This work tells you the stories of old inns and other quaint places in our countryside.

COULD YOU NAME THESE WILD FLOWERS? This great work will enable you to name at sight flowers you see.

HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE FASCINATING THINGS YOU WILL READ ABOUT IN THIS GREAT WORK

Village Life—Its Fascinating Story. How villages grew up and got their names—intriguing facts and stories—the village pound, maypole, stocks, whipping post, etc.

Wild Animals of the Countryside. The characteristics, life and habits of animals of the countryside—red deer, hare, otter, rabbit, weasel, stoat, wild polecat, mole, squirrel, fox, etc.

Fascinating Wonders of Nature by Night. Habits of creatures of the night—bat, owl, nightjar, hedgehog, badger, woodcock, otter, etc., etc.—amazing photographs.

Amazing Facts of the Insect World. Learn how to recognize, and read all about the fascinating ways of Britain's butterflies, moths, ants, bees, wasps, grasshoppers, caterpillars, beetles, etc.

Secrets of Bird Life. The birds of Britain, their nests, eggs and migratory habits—how to recognize birds by sight and by their calls—chaffinch, blackbird, swallow, bluetit, raven, kestrel hawk, skylark, nightingale, woodpecker, thrush, magpie, the dipper, etc.

How to Forecast the Weather. How to read weather signs by stars and clouds—weather lore, etc., etc.

Flowers of Field and Woodland. How to know and recognize Britain's native flowers and realize their importance and usefulness—wild violets and wood-sorrel, speedwell, stitchwort, cowslip, wild daffodils, celandine, marsh marigold, wood anemone, etc.

Trees and How to Identify Them. How to recognize the trees of Britain on sight, and be able to discuss their habits of growth, methods of reproduction, characteristic features and foliage, etc.

Marvels of Pond and River Life. The curious habits and life of strange creatures of the ponds and streams of Britain—mussel, stickleback, pike, crayfish, spawn, frog, toad, newt, scorpion, snail, etc.

Extraordinary Creatures of the Seashore. The lives, habits and characteristics of the creatures of Britain's shores—sandhopper, jelly fish, crab, shrimp, cockle, starfish, octopus, porpoise, etc.

How to Read and Understand a Map. What to do when taking your bearings—how to find your way in a mist—how to recognize places and the countryside from a map, etc.

Rural Crafts and Craftsmen. The rural craftsman through the ages—the basket-maker, the blacksmith, thatcher, chairmaker, wheelwright, cobbler, etc. Why different types of work are associated with different villages, etc.

Your Rights on the Road. "Rights-of-way" on highways, roads, bridle paths, footpaths, etc.—privileges and rights—the meaning of "trespass," etc.

A Countryman's Diary. Under each month's heading is the fascinating story of trees, flowers and bird life, etc., from early Spring to the depths of winter, etc., etc.
In this book you will read, too, of the magic call of the mountains—how to see the countryside—how Britain's scenery was made—round the year on a farm—the stories in Britain's rivers—stories behind inn names and signs—stiles and gates of Britain—what to do when you go camping—etc., etc.—you will find it all in this volume.

Apply for this work at once on the forms on opposite page.

OF THE YEAR!

A LIVELY SPRITE OF THE WOODLANDS
the Red Squirrel—you will know more about him when you have read this book.

"THE COUNTRYSIDE COMPANION"

A GRAND CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRYSIDE
the Shepherd—him and others who live near to the heart of Mother Earth you will meet in this great work.

A unique and ENTIRELY NEW, lavishly illustrated book, produced for our Readers at enormous cost. It is the ideal work for all who seek the wonder, beauty, romance and thrills of Britain's Countryside. There is no other volume like it. Apply NOW on the Forms below.

"JOHN BULL" readers are lovers of the countryside, and here is a great Presentation that will have an irresistible appeal to all. IT IS AN ENTIRELY NEW WORK—NEVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC—"THE COUNTRYSIDE COMPANION"—revealing a Britain undiscovered and undreamed of—an unknown land—a countryside of a million surprises. This work is something utterly different and is the greatest and most comprehensive illustrated work ever published for all who want to see a hundred interesting things where before they may have seen only one.

TREMENDOUS VALUE

This work contains over 500 pages, over 500 beautiful photographs, including magnificent whole-page and double-page plates, and an enthralling and revealing 120,000-word narrative. If you were to see the actual book in its rich binding and were asked to guess its price you would certainly say anything from fifteen shillings to a guinea, yet "John Bull" offers it to every reader who applies quickly, at the amazingly low Privilege Presentation Price of only 3/9 CARRIAGE FREE TO YOUR HOME.

The demand for this book will be tremendous. The Edition is limited and all applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. "John Bull" advises you to post the Reservation Forms below at once. This guarantees your volume for you. You do not pay for the book until AFTER you receive it. ACT IMMEDIATELY.

To every man, woman and child this work—now coming off the press—will bring the countryside as no other volume has ever done. Those who used to walk blindfold through the country will now find a thousand thrills in every day's journey. Those who have already learned something of the life of the countryside will find innumerable new interests and a story as fascinating as it is little known.

Here is the countryside from dawn to dawn and in all its seasons—birds and beasts, creatures of the earth and the air and of the lakes and rivers, the flowers and trees, villages and farms, mountains and moorlands, the lives of men who wrest their living from the earth and from age-old crafts. Here, too, is Britain's countryside of the past with all its legends and folk-lore, superstitions and customs, associations and changes, highways and inns.

Look on the opposite page at a few of the subjects dealt with in this mammoth volume.

OVER 500 BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS

The book itself is a real library volume, measuring 9 inches deep by 6 inches wide. It is printed throughout in clear-face type on beautiful ivory-finish paper. Great care and extra expense have been devoted to the reproduction of the over 500 beautiful photographs.

There are two Editions.

The **Standard Edition** has stiff covers bound in rich Green Cloth attractively embossed. **For this Edition you send, AFTER you receive the book, only 3/9. There is nothing more to pay, the volume is sent to you CARRIAGE FREE.**

The **De Luxe Edition** is a handsome volume with stiff covers bound in rich Scarlet Morocco-grained Art Leather Cloth with the title embossed on the spine in real 22-carat gold and beautiful embossing on the front. This volume has head band and dustproof top edges coloured to harmonise with the binding. **For the De Luxe Edition you send, AFTER you have received your volume, only 4/9 (CARRIAGE FREE).**

APPLY FOR YOUR VOLUME TO-DAY

Fill in the Reservation Order Form and the two Labels below as directed. Indicate on the Forms the Edition required, Standard or De Luxe, and affix a halfpenny stamp to Label "X." POST FORM AND LABELS, together with 3d. in stamps, AT ONCE. This guarantees your volume. As soon as it is off the press your volume will be dispatched to your home. At the same time you will be sent a Presentation Invoice, which must be returned with your remittance within 7 days AFTER receipt of your volume.

APPLY TO-DAY! Supplies of this work are strictly limited. Post the Forms below AT ONCE.

POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE!

CUT HERE — DO NOT SEPARATE THESE FORMS

"JOHN BULL"
"The Countryside Companion"

RESERVATION ORDER FORM

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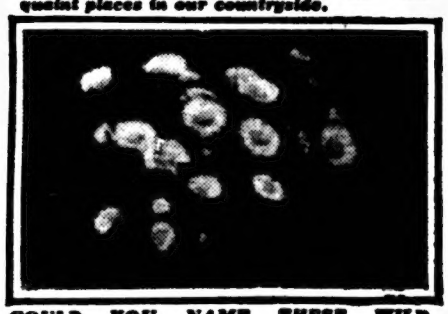
THE BASKET-MAKER
This work reveals the romance and story of scores of rural crafts.

John Bull invites every reader to accept THE BOOK

OVER 500 BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS OVER 500 PAGES 120,000 WORDS

QUAINT THATCHED COTTAGES in the valley of the Test—they breathe a tale you should know—a tale you will read in this great new book.

SMUGGLERS used to come to this old inn—The George Inn, Alfriston, Sussex. This work tells you the stories of old inns and other quaint places in our countryside.



COULD YOU NAME THESE WILD FLOWERS? This great work will enable you to name at sight flowers you see.

HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE FASCINATING THINGS YOU WILL READ ABOUT IN THIS GREAT WORK

Village Life—Its Fascinating Story. How villages grew up and got their names—intriguing facts and stories—the village pound, maypole, stocks, whipping post, etc.

Wild Animals of the Countryside. The characteristics, life and habits of animals of the countryside—red deer, hare, otter, rabbit, weasel, stoat, wild polecat, mole, squirrel, fox, etc.

Fascinating Wonders of Nature by Night. Habits of creatures of the night—bat, owl, nightjar, hedgehog, badger, woodcock, otter, etc., etc.—amazing photographs.

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Secrets of Bird Life. The birds of Britain, their nests, eggs and migratory habits—how to recognise birds by sight and by their calls—chaffinch, blackbird, swallow, bluetit, raven, kestrel hawk, skylark, nightingale, woodpecker, thrush, magpie, the dipper, etc.

How to Forecast the Weather. How to read weather signs by stars and clouds—weather lore, etc., etc.

Flowers of Field and Woodland. How to know and recognize Britain's native flowers and realise their importance and usefulness—wild violets and wood-sorrel, speedwell, stitchwort, cowslip, wild daffodils, celandine, marsh marigold, wood anemone, etc.

Trees and How to Identify Them. How to recognize the trees of Britain on sight, and be able to discuss their habits of growth, methods of reproduction, characteristic features and foliage, etc.

Marvels of Pond and River Life. The curious habits and life of strange creatures of the ponds and streams of Britain—mussel, stickleback, pike, crayfish, spawn, frog, toad, newt, scorpion, snail, etc.

Extraordinary Creatures of the Seashore. The lives, habits and characteristics of the creatures of Britain's shores—sandhopper, jelly fish, crab, shrimp, cockle, starfish, octopus, porpoise, etc.

How to Read and Understand a Map. What to do when taking your bearings—how to find your way in a mist—how to recognize places and the countryside from a map, etc.

Rural Crafts and Craftsmen. The rural craftsman through the ages—the basket-maker, the blacksmith, thatcher, chairmaker, wheelwright, cobbler, etc. Why different types of work are associated with different villages, etc.

Your Rights on the Road. "Rights-of-way" on highways, roads, bridle paths, footpaths, etc.—privileges and rights—the meaning of "trespass," etc.

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Apply for this work at once on the forms on opposite page.

OF THE YEAR!

A LIVELY SPRITE OF THE WOODLANDS
the Red Squirrel—you will know more about him when you have read this book.

"THE COUNTRYSIDE COMPANION"

A GRAND CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRYSIDE
the Shepherd—him and others who live near to the heart of Mother Earth you will meet in this great work.

A unique and ENTIRELY NEW, lavishly illustrated book, produced for our Readers at enormous cost. It is the ideal work for all who seek the wonder, beauty, romance and thrills of Britain's Countryside. There is no other volume like it. Apply NOW on the Forms below.

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Here is the countryside from dawn to dawn and in all its seasons—birds and beasts, creatures of the earth and the air and of the lakes and rivers, the flowers and trees, villages and farms, mountains and moorlands, the lives of men who wrest their living from the earth and from age-old crafts. Here, too, is Britain's countryside of the past with all its legends and folk-lore, superstitions and customs, associations and changes, highways and inns.

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Fill in the Reservation Order Form and the two Labels below as directed. Indicate on the Forms the Edition required, Standard or De Luxe, and affix a halfpenny stamp to Label "X." POST FORM AND LABELS, together with 3d. in stamps, AT ONCE. This guarantees your volume. As soon as it is off the press your volume will be dispatched to your home. At the same time you will be sent a Presentation Invoice, which must be returned with your remittance within 7 days AFTER receipt of your volume.

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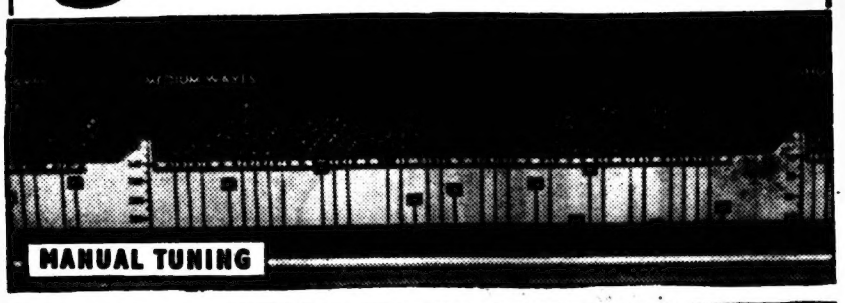
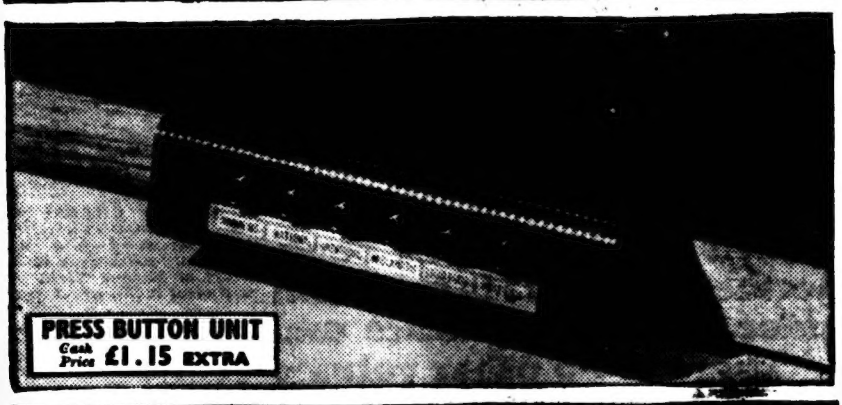
This work reveals the romance and story of scores of rural crafts.

3 WAYS OF TUNING





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MANUAL TUNING With a greatly improved Alphabetical Scale on many models.

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E. J. POWER, *Managing Director.*

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C.B.G. 113

He's examined them all . .

. . . *but found Bondman the coolest smoke of all*

The man who enjoys his work is often the man who enjoys his pipe—and especially the cool, restful smoke that Bondman gives him.

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CROSSWORD No. 150.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On page 26 is presented the 150th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any point in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, May 11, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly new SLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 26. The Second Prize will be awarded to the Competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

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Buried in giant vaults, hundreds of feet underground, locked behind five huge triple-barred iron doors, watched night and day—lies the world's most closely guarded treasure—a metal "yard stick," accurate to a millionth part of an inch! The April issue of "Armchair Science" now on sale, brings you the fascinating story of half-a-hundredth measurements and tells how the master gauges are protected. Don't miss this outstanding number which includes: A Visit to the Moon; Science Cheats Death! Guns Worked by Wireless Waves, etc.—100 pages, 20 articles and features, 50 photographs and drawings. "Armchair Science" explains all the wonders of the world of science in simple, non-technical language. Get your copy to-day!

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE—6D.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, APRIL 22 1939.
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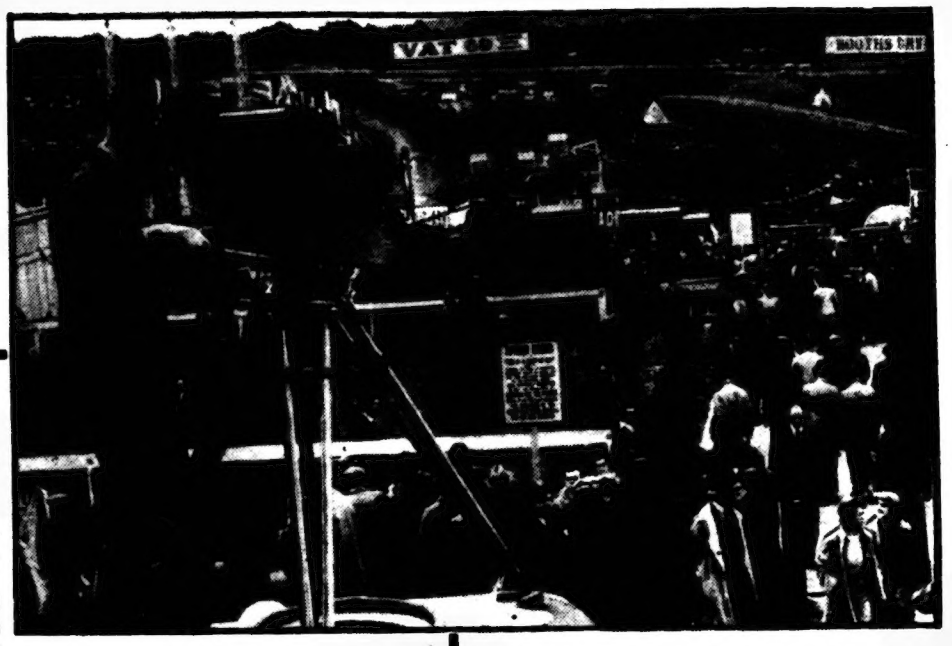
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Straight from the Shoulder

WHY HITLER THOUGHT AGAIN



WISEACRES in this country as well as in Germany say that President Roosevelt sent his message to the Dictators after consultation with Mr. Chamberlain.

That is not so. JOHN BULL knows that the President did not even confer with his own advisers before ordering the cable lines to be specially cleared.

Homage

All the more homage should be paid to him for thus shouldering the world's responsibilities when lesser men would have sought to share the burden.

Elsewhere in this issue we gladly add our voice to the gratitude that is given to him from every country in the world.

The People Speak

Yes, we really mean every country. Even in Germany and Italy, the common people have made it plain that they wish the President's offer to be accepted in full and without delay.

Swift Reaction

This swift reaction deterred Hitler from despatching the curt rejection which he at first contemplated. Instead, he had, temporarily at least, to content himself with a bitter Press campaign.

In his long telephone conversations with Mussolini, it is believed, he learned that Italians felt even more strongly than their allies.

Duce Was Frank

Two things, then, halted Hitler's first impulse. The first was the British broadcasts in German, without which his people would not have known of the President's message.

The other was his Axis partner's frank confession that he did not dare to ignore his people's will for peace.

Our Campaign

JOHN BULL is proud to think that a twenty-five years' Peace Plan similar to President Roosevelt's was advocated in these columns eleven months ago.

We called for a world conference to adjust grievances, to scale down the monstrous burdens of armaments, to open up trade avenues, to grant great international loans for social reforms in the poorer countries.

It Can Be Done!

Since then, we have returned again and again to the attack.

Our faith is this: We can do in 1939 what we ought to have done in 1918.

The world can, if it will, cut adrift from its past, put aside old hates, and resolutely concentrate only on to-day and to-morrow.

Ungagged

That conference will have to be held some day. We think it will come sooner than most people expect, because the long-silenced voices of Germany and Italy are at last becoming too insistent for the Dictators to ignore.

Get Moving!

BRITAIN has a great chance to build up a big new industry—Television.

Radio manufacturers are launching a campaign to make the Government give a look in to "looking-in."

They offer that, if the B.B.C. will open a Birmingham television station immediately, they will take it over if it should prove a failure.

That station alone would serve a population of three and a half millions. It would cost only £70,000.

And there should be stations in other provincial key-cities, so that most of Britain could enjoy broadcasting's latest miracle.

Yet, so far as is known, no provision for its development will be made in the Budget.

Given official encouragement, television could bring a decided fillip to national prosperity.

Unemployment figures would be pulled down, trade figures pushed up

Moreover, there is this important point:

At present we lead the world in television. We have a marvellous technical advantage over other countries; British is Best in television equipment.

But we shall lose that lead if we go on experimenting instead of using the results of our experiments.

There must always be experiments, of course. But television is already far beyond the trying-out stage.

It is good enough to be made a country-wide source of entertainment and employment.

So—let the Government and the B.B.C. get on with it!

Second Budget!

Now let us turn from world politics to our own pockets.

How much extra must Sir John Simon find for defence this year?

That will be the big question to which M.P.s will seek an answer when the Chancellor presents his Budget on Tuesday.

He may not be able to say. He may even hint at the necessity for a second Budget later in the year. Whether he does or not, an autumn Budget is a gloomy probability.

Taxes Go Up

Clearly, many millions more will be needed than when the original estimates for the new financial year were presented only last month. The doubling of the Territorial Army alone will call for vast new sums.

The bulk of the extra cost will, we believe, be charged to loan.

But it now seems inevitable that added taxation of some kind or other must be imposed.

Wanted

This will prompt a demand from M.P.s for three things: stricter control of tax evasion; stricter control of arms profits; and much more efficient control of arms production through the suggested Ministry of Supply.

Heaven knows, we've waited long enough for them.

Snail's Pace

And Sir John's speech will be studied with special care for a hint of what the Government propose to give farming.

When Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith became Minister of Agriculture, it was predicted that farmers would get another £15,000,000 a year from the Treasury.

Not much hope of that now. And the new Minister, who was going to produce big plans so quickly, seems to be moving as fast as a crippled snail.

They're Missing!

True, a long-overdue Bill to assist the poultry industry is at last seeing daylight. But what about barley, oats and sheep?

In short, there is little sign of a great Save Farming move.

A move that would give us more food in peace as in war, put armies of our unemployed on the land, and bring prosperity to farmers and farm workers.

Strange that statesmen are so blind!

Turned Away

While the British Army cries out for reinforcements, red tape keeps many good men from the ranks.

A young Englishman who fought with the Spanish Republican Army is trying to join the Royal Corps of Signals. He passed the health and educational tests and was told to call again. Four times last week he went to see if his papers were through. Four times he was turned away.

Yet he has known signalling under actual war conditions and could probably teach the British instructors a thing or two.

Waiting

Another would-be recruit, a professional man, tried to join a territorial unit that trains officers.

His father served in France with the unit during the last war. But this sentimental argument has not moved the recruiting officers to a quick decision.

After six weeks the man is still waiting to know if he is acceptable.

Nursery Defences

National defence takes strange forms.

You wouldn't think that *nurserymen* have a particular side-line place in our schemes. Yet two prominent firms—one in the west, the other in the North Midlands—are now intensely busy on defence work.

Foreign agents have been foiled in every effort to discover what they are doing.

Banish Tax Worries!

Taxpayers are now getting income tax forms for the year 1939-40. If you have any difficulty in completing your form, or want advice concerning the allowances to which you may be entitled, write to the Income Tax Expert, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, when you will receive authoritative advice free.

- **Despised Charity**
- **Army Muddle**
- **Glut Coming**

VOICE of the PEOPLE

WE British taxpayers show great consideration to foreigners—but is there any gratitude for our sacrifices?

It is a law not unknown to the psychiatrist that a recipient of charity despises the donor, and is drawn, in times of crisis, to the non-emotional individual.

For non-emotional individual read "non - emotional nation." — Leonard Graves, 44, Chiltern View, Letchworth, Herts.

What psychiatrists (students of the mind) say is that over-lavishness is despised by recipients—which is probably true.

That £250 Mark!

Friend "A" is a policeman, gets just under £250 a year plus £28 a year lodging allowance, 1s. a week for boots, free uniform, and free travel to and from work

Friend "B"—a commercial traveller—gets just over £250, with no allowances for boots or travel and no free clothing.

Friend "A" gets a free air raid shelter. But Friend "B" must buy his.—George Donaldson, 4, St. Clair Avenue, Leith, Edinburgh.

Another true case: Mr. "C," a bachelor with £240 a year and nobody to spend it on, gets a free air raid shelter. Mr. "D," with £255 a year, and a wife and 13 children to keep on it, must exhort his family to run to the nearest ditch!

Exploitation

"Smocking" is in fashion again.

Much of the needlework entailed is given out to women to do at home, the firms having nothing to spend on light, heat or rent.

On the best-paid work it is impossible to earn more than 8d. an hour.

In some cases it takes 25 minutes to earn 2d.

In the job placed at that price there were 500 stitches and three changes of colour in the cotton.—G. L., Bristol Street, Birmingham.

Some firms make somewhat similar payments for work on creations for the Royal Courts!

'Ware Glut!

A fine Easter! A fine Spring, in fact! Every promise of a bumper crop of fruit, unless frost comes.

Do you know what that means? A glut—with prices so low that fruit won't be worth picking — and will be left to rot on the trees.

Let the Government do a bit of preparing for national emergencies. Let it preserve the surplus by one of the many methods perfected in recent years.—F. J. Andrews, Brighton Road, Salfords, Redhill, Surrey.

Army Muddle

Having been on the reserve eighteen months, I tried to re-enlist.

I went to my old Commanding Officer, who said, "You should have gone to your nearest recruiting office."

The nearest recruiting office referred me to Whitehall, where I went at my own expense. Whitehall gave me a 'phone number, where I was told: "You can't re-enlist."

I believed that until I met a pal who is in the same class of reserve as myself. He had received an appeal from the War Office to re-enlist!—S. F. Swift, ex-Private 4610796, 2nd D.W.R.s, 24A, Highcroft Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex.

We are receiving many such letters. Some readers have been told to turn up at certain depots for examination, etc.—have done so, to find nobody there.

What's in a Name?

Readers might be interested to hear about the origin of the title of their own page "Voice of the People."

A man named Doherty gave it to a journal he started in 1831 in connection with the launching of the "National Association for the Protection of Labour"—an association with 150 affiliated societies and 100,000 members which gave trade unionism its start.—Miss J. Bryning, 6, Riversdale Road, Liverpool, 19.

Simon Mepham, Archbishop of Canterbury, preached from text "Vox Populi Vox Dei" (the Voice of the People is the Voice of God) when the populace dethroned Edward II. But Romans used phrase "Vox Populi."

Not Such a Mug

Thanks for the footnote on "Mugs' Lists" (lists of people likely to be tricked into parting with money, which are sold by one unscrupulous firm to another).

Judging by the baiting letters I have received, I must have figured on such a register.

But I return such letters in an unstamped envelope. The firms in question pay up, believing there is money in the envelope. And so mugs can show that they are not so silly after all.—Cecil Warren, Wynscote. Wilburton, Ely.

There is a case in our dossiers of a tipster who sells his "information" for two guineas—and then makes 1s. 8½d. a time by selling the names and addresses of his victims.

Doctors Praised

Criticism is not enough. JOHN BULL praises, too. I was glad, for instance, to read the "Voice of the People" tribute to a panel doctor.

One such doctor fought for my little boy's life. For six weeks he gave daily and unremitting attention. I pressed for the rendering of a bill, and then—almost as if he resented drawing money—he charged me 15s.

That man attended a poor fellow for ten years without sending a bill, and was then told: "Don't ever come again, doctor. I can never pay you."

He wrote out a bill for £50, receipted it, and said with a smile: "I'll be seeing you to-morrow."—Mrs. Sollio, 32, West Drayton Road, Hillingdon Heath, Uxbridge.

We have received more praise of doctors since that letter appeared than we have criticism over two years. But let us remember not all doctors can afford to be so human. Many have to keep landlords waiting till bills are paid.

Speak Out

Why are we so apt to pretend that the House of Commons is filled with fools?

Instead of moaning about A.R.P. failures and the weaknesses of the Secretary of State for War, let us try to help with our constructive effort, however small.

We shall then present to the world the picture of a confident, solid and happy Britain, becoming once again the right little, tight little island, and not a cacophonous cage of carping and confusion.—C. H. Johnson, 18, Colbrook Avenue, Harlington, Middlesex.

In the Briton's tendency to criticise himself and his representatives lies a big measure of the strength of his race.

His Car Won!

My friend has just had a holiday tour of Germany in his British 10-horse-power car.

He was about to overtake a line of tanks on the road when the rear tank pulled out, and there was the grinding crash of a collision.

He got out expecting to see his bonnet ruined, only to discover that his car was undamaged but that the German tank had a huge dent in it.

That with a 10-horse-power British car. One wonders what an anti-tank gun could do.—T. J. Thompson, 22, Romney Road, New Maldon, Surrey.

Games Make Men

Everybody is hunting for the cause of juvenile crime. May an elderly man offer his solution?

We didn't turn out criminals, wastrels or even half-wits in the days when youngsters had to find their own amusement, which was before the days of organised sport under sports masters or mistresses.—H. J. Reynolds, 1, Central Buildings, Westminster S.W.1.

People who blame the war for most of the shortcomings of modern youth are pretty near to truth. And the war wasn't their fault.

It Still Works

I was looking at children's frocks in a shop-window when a dear old lady said: "Aren't they lovely?"

She told me how she used to enjoy buying such garments for *her* little grandchildren. Their father died when they were young. She was mother and father to them—until her own financial fortunes crashed.

I looked at her shabby clothing and slipped money into her hand.

An hour later I was looking in another baby-linen shop when I heard: "Aren't they lovely?" in the same cultured voice.

It was the same dear old lady telling a different woman the same long story.—Mrs. R. Barbow, Bagnall Street, Anfield, Liverpool, 4.

Similar trick is described in "London Labour and the London Poor," published a hundred years ago.

Pay Up For Peace!

Urges Reader J. S. Voce

Whatever Budget secrets the Chancellor produces from his dispatch case next week, we may be sure that all of us will have to put our hands into our pockets. But there is one consolation. We will be doing our best to pay for peace. And for peace surely no price, save honour, is too high?

Most JOHN BULL readers will agree with that sentiment, and one of them—Mr. J. S. Voce, 426, Queen's Drive, Liverpool—secured a £350 cheque by expressing it in the apt *Bullet*, WORTH STICKING TO—AND "PARTING FOR," PEACE.

Turn to page 39 and by putting some ideas of yours in a few simple words you can win £1,000 in cheques from Long Acre.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

PEOPLE

Who'd Have Their Job?

"My husband probably has the most awkward job in the country," wrote a reader recently.

Other wives are not letting the statement go unchallenged, as the following letters show:

My husband has to collect 400 rents a week, settle disputes with tenants, read the electric light meters, do all the upkeep work as a plumber, joiner, plasterer, mason and electrician, and even obey all night emergency summonses.

I consider myself lucky if he can find time to sit down for a meal without somebody arriving to say: "Our pipe's burst."—C. W., Aberdeen.

* * *

Every week my husband hands me a small housekeeping allowance with which, ordinarily, I would be quite satisfied.

He keeps a matter of 7s. 6d. a week for himself.

Our misfortune is that, in his particular job, he has to carry anything from £150 to £1,000 on him in notes, and there are always some hundreds of pounds waiting in the house.

Every Friday you might say: "Money, money everywhere, and not a bit to spend."—L. F., Redhill.

* * *

No wonder my man talks figures!

As a relief 'bus conductor he has to memorise every fare from ½d. to 1s. 8d. on forty-eight different routes.

Often he goes on duty three times a day and never knows where the next shift will take him. He cannot say when or where he is going or when he will be back.

As for meals, they must be always ready, in case he turns up.—S. B., Walsall.

* * *

My husband's job entails waiting at home until he is wanted.

When he is sent for—which averages four times a week—he goes away for twelve hours' continuous duty; where, he doesn't know.

We can't go anywhere, even for a minute. And it's dreadful work for a man, hanging round at home until he is wanted.—G. G., Coronation Crescent, Frenchwood, Preston.

JINGOES on the WARPATH

This is no time for beating the big drum and inflaming the passions

THESE are tense days. A single spark might ignite all Europe. A reckless word might murder millions.

It is a time for cool heads and calm decisions; a time, above all, when Reason, not Prejudice, should be our counsellor.

Beware then of the Jingoes, the hot-heads, the war-mongers. Beware of the flag-wavers, the drum-beaters, the trumpet-sounders.

They think they are rallying us for a great crusade against the powers of darkness. They think they are saving us from destruction. But they are thinking with their hearts, not their heads.

In their desire to save us, they are leading us into danger.

This is no peace-at-any-price article. John Bull, like every sane organ of public opinion, knows that Britain must be strong, that men and women are needed for National Defence as never before.

BUT MUST BRITAIN'S SPOKESMEN SPREAD WAR HYSTERIA IN ORDER TO RECRUIT THOSE MEN AND WOMEN? CANNOT YOU, THE AVERAGE CITIZEN, BE TRUSTED TO DO YOUR BIT WITHOUT BEING SCARED OUT OF YOUR SKINS ONE MOMENT AND MADE DRUNK BY MARTIAL WORDS THE NEXT?

Let us look into the Jingo campaign.

The band first began to play when Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of Cork and Orrery boasted of the Navy's ability to "sink, burn and destroy," and when Lord Stanhope, First Lord of the Admiralty, spoke words which led everybody to believe that the bombers could be expected over London at any moment.

MR. BEVERLEY BAXTER joined in when he told the House of Commons that he would like to see all National Service Volunteers wear a ribbon or a medal to distinguish them from shirkers.

We wonder if Mr. Baxter will be proud to realise that he is following in the footsteps of the hysterical girls who gave white feathers to civilians during the Great War?

Does he really believe that National Service recruits will not come forward unless they are shamed into it? Has he so little faith in British character?

And would he place much value on men who volunteered not because of their convictions but because they were frightened not to volunteer?

Some employers believe in the blackmail policy, even if Mr. Baxter does not. In several firms, Jingo bosses have hinted to their workpeople that dismissal awaits those who do not enlist in some branch of civil defence.

In their eagerness to fight the evil of dictatorship, these men are themselves becoming little dictators....

Soon, it has been reported, we are to have a patriotic poem recited by Charles Laughton before and after every recruiting speech broadcast by a Minister.

Already we have chorus girls in steel helmets whipping up the latent "Let's get at 'em" spirit which is in all of us, but which we ought to control.

Already we have comedians slipping a catch into their voice as they revive, "We don't want to lose you but we think you ought to go."

Already the cinemas, most powerful propaganda-machines of all, are showing newsreels of Britain's defence forces (a perfectly legitimate proceeding), accompanied by commentaries calculated to whip up war-like ardour in the audiences (a highly dangerous proceeding).

And all the time politicians and local bigwigs are making speeches which help to convince their hearers that war is not only inevitable but even desirable.

Without Fear or Favour

Put over as patriotism, talk like that is doubly dangerous.

Is it real patriotism, or is it foolish sentiment untempered by reason? We urge you to put every inflammable utterance you hear to the test of that question.

This is no hour for fiery speeches, for hymns of hate, for Jingo poems. This is an hour to remember those miles of white stones in the fields of Flanders.

It is a time, we reiterate, for clear, level-headed thinking. Certainly, we must think fast, but we can also think and act calmly.

WE MUST REMEMBER ALL THE TIME THAT OUR REAL PURPOSE IS TO PRESERVE THE PEACE AND TO PROTECT OURSELVES. IT IS NOT OUR SPECIFIC AIM TO KILL THE MUTE PAWNS OF HITLER AND MUSSOLINI.

Deep in their hearts, Germans and Italians do not want war any more than we do. They may be half-hypnotised by their Jingo leaders—but at Munich, remember, they were conscious enough of their own dread of war to give Mr. Chamberlain, who stood for peace, one of the most sincere ovations any statesman has ever received.

What, then, must we—citizens of Britain—do on the home-front to save not only ourselves but the common people of other lands?

We must, in a word, be business-like.

National Service began in chaos, and, although some order is now emerging, it is still largely a ramshackle structure.

The Government has not yet told every man and woman what to do, where, why, and how.

It has talked much about great plans for A.R.P., but a sudden raid would find the entire population completely ignorant of those plans.

It has boasted of its arrangements for the evacuation of cities, but nobody seems to know what those arrangements are.

Calling for volunteers for various services, it neglects to tell individuals what their precise position and commitments in those services would be.

It has allowed red tape and snobbery to keep out the plain man.

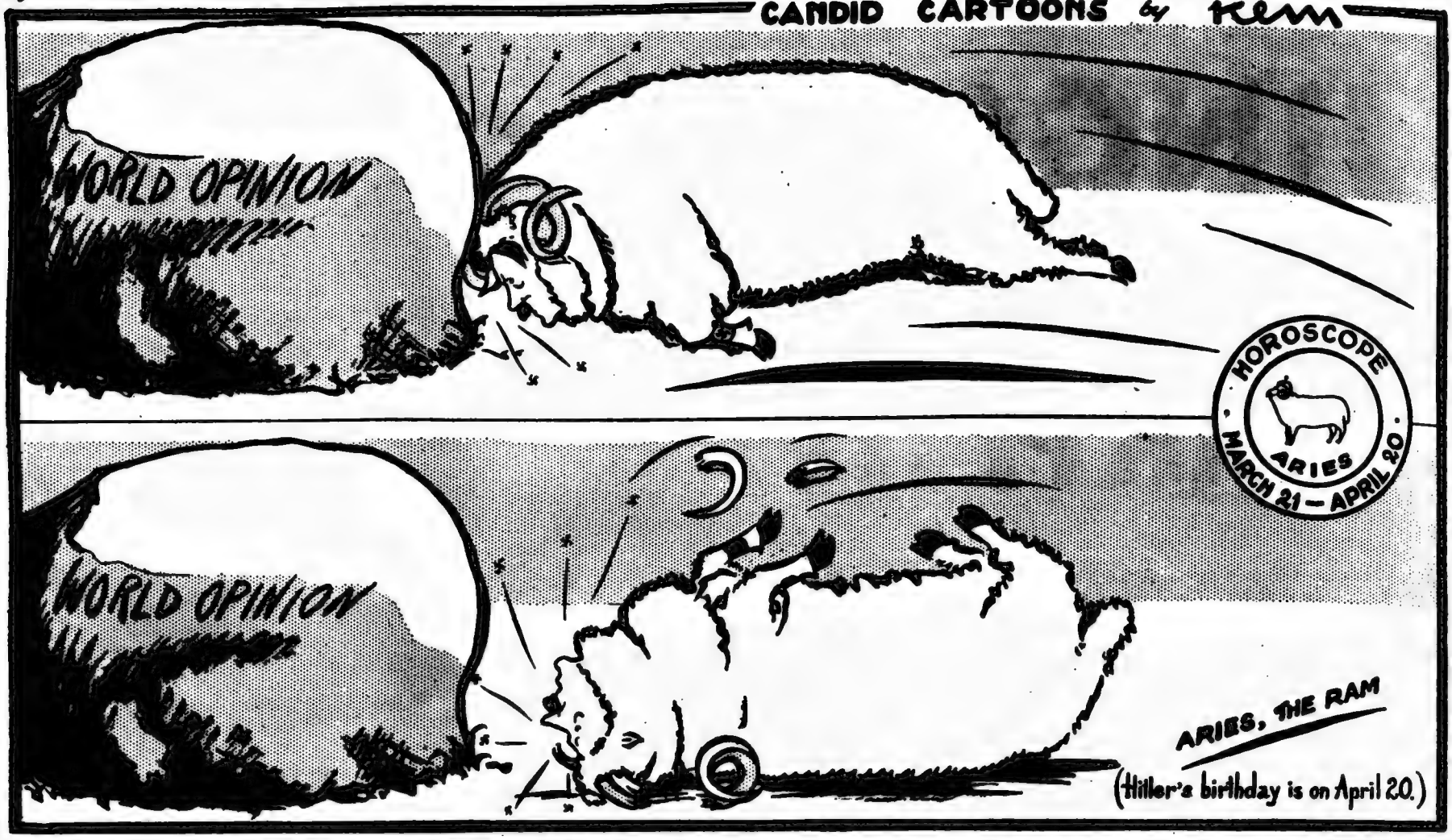
All that must go. Sir John Anderson must come down to brass tacks and tell us all, individually, what he wants from us. He must convince us, by proof, not flag-wagging, that we shall not be wasting time on futile play-acting.

Then, John Bull can assure him, the great mass of the British people will step forward, soberly but firmly, to do their part.

BY building efficient defences, by buckling on the sword not to attack but to defend, not to invade but to call a halt to invasion, we shall make would-be aggressors shy away from the temptation to deliver a swift, knock-out blow at Freedom.

Then it will not be thought necessary for alarmist war-mongers to cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war.

And then our hatred for totalitarian methods will not drive us, hot with resentment or blind with panic, into a war that would reduce Europe to ashes, a war that would make our wives and mothers—such of them as survived—weep among the ruins of our homes.



Open Letters — BRAVO, ROOSEVELT!

Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, M.P.,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—Two days before the news was given to our own people, German broadcasting stations announced the date of Parliament's recall.

Another Cabinet discussion—on the possibility of postponing the King's Atlantic journey—was also first revealed by a German station.

Why?—JOHN BULL.

The LICENSING MAGISTRATES,
Glasgow

GENTLEMEN,—I regard your decision with contempt and anger.

No dominoes, darts or other games may be played in Glasgow's taverns, you have decreed.

So you will do your best to make public houses what they were in the bad old days—mere drinking dens—instead of the social centres that many enlightened brewers have sought to create.

And when drunkenness increases, won't you be surprised!—JOHN BULL.

The Right Rev. G. K. A. BELL,
Bishop of Chichester

MY LORD.—In no circumstances, you declare, should clergymen undertake combatant service for Britain.

Ah, but remember the revelations of the extent to which church leaders are financially interested in the armament industries.

And the disclosure that a high proportion of the 80,000 shareholders of Vickers, Ltd., are clergymen.

By all means let them keep "above the battle." But if they do not fight, they should be the first to shun the profits of war.—JOHN BULL.

The EDUCATION COMMITTEE,
Essex

GENTLEMEN,—Beware that children's blood does not stain your hands.

You have agreed to give free 'bus tickets to children living two miles from a new senior school at Aveley But some living on one side of a road will get them and those on the other side will not.

Unlucky ones will have to cross the deadly South-end road, walk along roads which have no footpaths and are adjacent to chalk pits.

May the indignant parents be able to knock sense into you!—JOHN BULL.

Capt. C. DENHOLME-YOUNG,
Royal Signals

SIR,—I am tired of reading about men like you.

True, you locked your car when you left important documents in it, but most people know how poor a safeguard that is against theft. Then, on your return, you found that the papers had been stolen.

Don't you think it would have been wiser to have taken the papers with you?—JOHN BULL.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

DEAR PRESIDENT,—Two men have sought to stamp their names on the pages of history. Two men want the children of a thousand years hence to see them as conquering giants bestriding the earth.

But when the annals of our times are written, there will be a name greater than those of Hitler and Mussolini.

That name will be yours.

Majestic in its prose, noble in its sentiments, your message to the power-hungry Dictators has stripped Conquest of its proud robes and revealed it as naked Barbarism.

And though the German Führer and the Italian Duce may spurn your offer of twenty-five years' peace, and the fettered Press they control may revile it, that message has not failed.

Even those of Europe's millions who have been dazzled by the glittering prospect of world dominance must now realise the truth.

Shaken from their dreams by your courageous realism, they must know now that the inevitable result of further aggression will be common ruin in which all would be destroyed, victors, vanquished and onlookers alike.

Must it be ruin? you ask then. And you offer the alternative of a conference at which grievances could be met and the threat of swollen armies removed.

If that offer is refused, then you will have made it plain that, of all the millions in the world, only two men and their lackeys want war.

That realisation will be your reward.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. KENNETH LINDSAY, M.P.,
Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—Listen to our young folk before you force them to drill.

I agree that compulsory physical training would be a fine thing for boys and girls under eighteen—but only in a better Britain.

A Britain where many of them would not be unemployed or half-starved or exploited in jobs that leave them weary and dispirited; nor living in houses that menace their health.

The scheme you hint at would do more harm than good unless it were linked with a series of belated and sweeping reforms.—JOHN BULL.

Sir VICTOR WARRENDER, M.P.,
War Office

DEAR SIR VICTOR,—So at last you're looking into the case of a munitions worker who, with his wife and four children, had to live in two fowl-houses because of the lack of houses at Rotherwas, near Hereford, as I reported five weeks ago.

It's all very well for you to plead that housing is a matter for the local council.

But before you shift men to new arms factories it is your duty to see that there is shelter for them and their families.—JOHN BULL.

The LORD MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM

MY LORD MAYOR,—Only the chuckle-headed can blame the 50,000 of your municipal tenants who will begin a rent strike on May 1.

To impose a general increase in rents, and then grant rebates to the poorest tenants, is a lopsided and irritating procedure.

Have a means test, certainly, to prevent the abuse of a public subsidy; but don't raise rents until it has revealed that some people can really afford to pay more.

In short, put the horse before the cart.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ARCHIBALD PAGE,
Central Electricity Board

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—The nation should share your satisfaction that, last year, 24,376,000,000 units were produced by public electricity stations—nearly 1,500,000,000 more than in the previous year.

I have always regarded the Grid as a modern miracle. But I wish you had power to organise the distribution as well as the supply of current.

For the muddle of rates, voltages and types of equipment which vary from district to district is so tremendous as to be fantastic.

Moreover, it's a costly muddle that prevents far faster electrical progress.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. KENNETH McINTOSH,
Stirling

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations on being one hundred and three. But no congratulations for never having been in love.

Was it worth while living so long?—JOHN BULL.

We Accuse!

We print on this page four stories of injustice and suffering caused by the official blundering which JOHN BULL'S reporters are always investigating.

We turn our searchlight, too, on the individuals or institutions whom we hold responsible for those injustices.

Under the heading, "We Accuse!" we shall return to the attack with more cases of this kind next week.

Hero Who Saved 900 is Ruined

A MAN whose bravery once saved 900 lives is now not only broken but powerless to vindicate himself.

Despite a magnificent record—a better one is inconceivable—Mr. John Garrington, bus driver, of Warstone Lane, Birmingham, a fine, upright man of fifty-seven, has had his means of livelihood taken away from him for ever.

There is not even unemployment pay for him. He and his wife, whose photographs you see here, are denied it by the harshness of regulations.

For twenty-one years he was in the Royal Artillery. As a youth, he was commended for bravery in the South African war.

Three times during the Great War the name of Sergeant Garrington was mentioned in despatches from Commanders-in-Chief—for signal acts of valour at Mons, Loos, and the relief of Kut.

He was recommended for the award of the Victoria Cross at Neuve Chapelle. In that battle a battalion of the Black Watch was cut off.

Under withering fire, Garrington crawled for 2,000 yards to the beleaguered infantry unrolling telephone wire so that the guns could be laid to blast a way out for them. That was the bravery that saved 900 men.

Garrington's only son was killed in action. His only daughter served for three years in France. His wife also was on war work.

Seventeen years ago he became a bus driver.

His licence, which he has held for thirty-six years, has never been endorsed. Every year he has been awarded the diploma of the National Safety First Association.

After all that, Garrington has been turned into the wilderness.

A woman passenger complained that his bus did not stop on request to set her down.

His explanation was that he did not receive the conductor's signal to stop, but, even if he had, he would have refused because it would have been dangerous to draw up at the place demanded.

This defence was not accepted. Garrington has lost his job.

Five minutes before he was sacked he had received another Safety First diploma.

In a week or two he will be driven to pauperism. Even payment of unemployment benefit is refused because he lost his employment through what is officially held to be technical "misconduct"!

There is no tribunal before which this crushed man can plead for redress.

SO WE ACCUSE THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT FOR FAILING TO SECURE POWERS TO GRANT SIMPLE JUSTICE TO THE TRANSPORT WORKERS OF BRITAIN.

BUILT A CHURCH— NOW FACES JAIL

IT is the law of Britain that citizens who are in poverty shall not be put in prison for non-payment of rates or taxes.

Next week, however, sixty-two-year-old Mr. Harry Hawksworth, of Knott End, the holiday place on the Lancashire coast near Fleetwood, will go to jail for a month.

He and his wife are wholly dependent on one old-age pension of 10s. a week and 17s. poor-law allowance. After rent and light are paid, they have 12s. weekly to live on.

For forty years, until a few weeks ago, Mr. Hawksworth (his picture is above) was in business at Knott End as a hairdresser. With his savings he bought his house and shop.

From both he has now been evicted. He has been reduced to pauperism and no ratepayer can ever have lost his all in more remarkable circumstances.

Until sixteen years ago there was no Roman Catholic church at Knott End.

Then a private individual undertook to build a church. But he was unable to meet the full obligation.

Mr. Hawksworth came to the rescue. He was only a working-class man, but he mortgaged his home and business premises to pay the balance.

Lately, Mr. Hawksworth was unable to maintain the payments on the property he had mortgaged. His health was affected by war service in the Royal Air Force and he was unable longer to carry on his business.

So he lost his home and shop and was driven to depend on his wife's old-age pension and poor-law relief.

Nevertheless, the authorities have prosecuted him for rates and obtained an order to send him to prison.

At Eastertide, St. Bernard's at Knott End was filled by congregations of holiday visitors. Prayers were offered for mercy to be shown to the man who had completed the church. These prayers have not influenced the authorities. Poor old Mr. Hawksworth, they say, must go to jail.

WE ACCUSE LOCAL AUTHORITIES WHO COUNTENANCE THE IMPRISONMENT OF POOR DEBTORS.

Sent to Cells with New-Born Baby

RECENTLY came a three-line announcement from the Home Office that Mrs. Nora Morrison, thirty-nine years old, of Egerton Street, Sunderland, had been released after serving half of a month's prison sentence.

The public should know what was behind the terse official statement.

When Mrs. Morrison was sentenced, she had not fully recovered from the ordeal of childbirth. Her fourteen-days-old baby—one of a family of ten—went to jail with her.

A JOHN BULL representative was in court when this happened. Within a few minutes he telephoned the facts to us and we immediately communicated them to the Home Office.

That Department promised quick action. It is understood that Sir Samuel Hoare, the Home Secretary, himself directed an investigation.

Reports on all the circumstances were called for. Sir Samuel was so impressed that, as quickly as possible after receiving them, he gave the order for the woman and her baby to be liberated instantly.

Mrs. Morrison's offence was that she received fruit stolen by her daughter from a shop where she was employed at a wage of 14s. weekly.

And the justices knew that she had just been confined.

Still, they declared that they were dealing leniently with her in committing her with the infant for a month.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE'S ADMINISTRATION OF THE HOME OFFICE IS DISTINGUISHED BY HIS HUMANE DECISIONS. BUT WE ACCUSE THE DEPARTMENT FOR FAILING TO GIVE A DEFINITE ORDER TO JUSTICES AGAINST THE IMPRISONMENT OF MOTHERS WITH NEWLY BORN CHILDREN FOR MINOR CRIME. CASES OF THE KIND SHOULD BE DEALT WITH, AS STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATES DO, BY PROBATION.

The Worst Home in Britain

FIVE crowded taxi-cabs drew up in quaintly named Cold Bath Street, Preston, Lancs.

The passengers were members of the local council who had come to inspect the house of Mr. Fred Green at No. 5.

They did not stay long. Some seemed bewildered by what they took in with a single glance. Others sniffed as if perplexed by noisome air. Most of them discreetly held handkerchiefs to nose and mouth.

When the councillors dispersed, they apparently quickly forgot what they had seen. Anyhow, none of them has raised a finger to bring succour to the occupiers of No. 5, Mr. and Mrs. Green and their three young children.

This family's dwelling is perhaps the worst in all Britain.

No. 5 Cold Bath Street consists of two small rooms, one over the other. Four open lavatories are three feet away from the doorstep.

What is called the living room really consists of a sink, coal cellar and food cupboard.

Mice scamper about the crazy place as it rots with the damp. Rats peep out.

Throughout the day thick brown clouds of evil-smelling smoke bellow into the house from a refuse incinerator next door.

And most of the time there are black patches on tables and chairs—masses of horse flies. When the door is opened, droves of these flies sweep in from a stable close by.

Of course, the Green children are ill because they have to live in such conditions.

Still the council refuses to provide the family with a proper home.

There are fully a million British homes nearly as bad as this one. We accuse the Minister of Health of culpable complacency. He has received first-hand information about the plight of the Greens—but will do nothing, even in their appalling case.

Britain's medical experts are to demand proper nourishment for every citizen. For in defence Food is—

OUR REAL FRONT LINE

IN the ruined towns of the north they have a saying: "Mother is never hungry."

Never hungry! If she allowed herself to be the children would have even less to eat than they do now. So she does without. As the dreary days go by, the sharp edge of hunger disappears, and in its place there is an ache and a growing weakness.

That is why the afternoon medical clinics are packed with women prematurely aged, suffering from the scores of ailments that are caused by semi-starvation.

THEY GET BOTTLES OF MEDICINE. THEY NEED SQUARE MEALS.

Now, the mother who is never hungry and her under-nourished family will be invisible delegates at a great conference starting in London next Thursday.

It is the British Medical Association's National Nutrition Conference. For three days all the nation's leading experts will discuss food—our first line of defence and probably our weakest.

Great physicians like Lord Horder, famous agriculturists and trade union officials will be there.

They will face a problem which the Government has either ignored or evaded for years.

Tens of thousands of men, women and children have been existing on the starvation line. If that can happen in peace time—what may happen if we are plunged into war?

"Jerry-built"

Mr. Lees Smith recently put the position clearly to the House of Commons.

"Medical men who have examined the problem of malnutrition," he said, "believe that 50 per cent. of the children brought into the world have jerry-built bodies and probably can never develop a sound structure.

He told of women who "drop out" of employment at about forty-five years of age because of lack of staying power resulting from underfeeding.

Only a few weeks ago an official survey was made of the food budgets of some hundreds of families in Bethnal Green, London.

Half the families had a father working and the other half were on relief. But the results were about the same, and they were equally tragic and sinister in their implications.

Great authorities on nutrition, like Sir John Orr, have stated that a *minimum* diet for health should include 10d. worth of milk per head a week.

These families spent an average of 2½d. on that vital nourishment. Meat expenditure was 1s., against Sir John Orr's 2s. 7d. A third of the families bought no liquid milk and another third no fresh fruit. The surveys showed deficiencies on every food article except tinned milk and margarine.

Too Dear

The reasons are clear enough. Nearly all the chief articles of food have been made too dear by restrictions on production and imports for the mass of the working-class population.

High rents and the hosts of middlemen who force food prices up where they like are responsible for the rest of the hunger story.

One family of nine included in the survey paid 26s. 10d. rent out of a gross income of 5s. 9d. a head. This left 2s. 9d. each for food and every other expense.

Plenty of food comes into Britain—but not to enough people

Bethnal Green is not an isolated example. Without going into the so-called special areas, the results of that survey can be duplicated all over the country.

Ipswich is in the centre of one of the fattest agricultural districts in Britain. Dr. A. M. P. Pringle, the town's medical officer, went through the budgets of nearly 100 families last year.

One typical budget worked out at 2s. 8d. per head a week. It was for a family of eight, and though the food expenditure was carefully schemed, the amount each could afford to eat fell far below the minimum of the famous B.M.A. scale. And that was a minimum, indeed.

It was calculated that an Ipswich man could feed himself in 1933 for 5s. 10½d. a week if he was content with the minimum.

But last year he had to spend 7s. 5½d. to get the same food. Prices had risen by 27.3 per cent.

Family allowances are among the items down for discussion at the coming food conference. George Gibson and other trade union leaders will give the Labour point of view.

These allowances are a good enough scheme in their way. But they only tinker with the main problem of insufficient and dear foods. And they may be open to the same kind of abuse as previous Government experiments in this direction.

Free school meals are an example. In hundreds of cases we have found that Public Assistance authorities reduce the family benefit immediately children get a few meals at school. And since this money is sorely needed for other expenses like rent, clothes and fuel, the parents are continually faced with agonising decisions.

Whether to let the children take these "free" meals and themselves be driven still lower down the scale of debt and poverty, or let the children take their chance at the family meals.

In one Tyneside town a woman told a JOHN BULL investigator: "My four have been taking the school meals and the P.A. 'docked' some benefit.

"But," she added, proudly, "doctor says they don't need the meals any more, so now I am feeding them at home."

In this home and in countless others the school meals scheme boils down to a system under which children are just carried past the starvation level, only to drop back again as soon as the family is compelled, by the mean P.A. regulations, to take them back on to the household budget.

They Know

Doctors now know all the directions in which nutrition can be improved. They know all about vitamins, food values, and the rest. The question now is how to put all those academic conclusions into practice. The laboratory must go into politics.

Two days of the B.M.A. conference are to be given up to "Means of Stimulating Consumption."

Lord Snell, of the L.C.C., and other Labour leaders will sit side by side with Conservative politicians like Mr. L. S. Amery and great employers like Mr. L. J. Cadbury and Sir Kenneth Lee.

No Government could complain of biased conclusions from such a company.

We shall expect high rents, low wages, and all the vast waste in food marketing to come within the scope of the policy they will outline to the country. Those are prime causes of the widespread malnutrition.

The means are at hand for providing, by imports and home growth, as much food as we need. What the conference has to keep in mind is the means of getting this food into the people's larder.

Simple Right

And all their policy must be based on the *simple right of every person in the community to an adequate supply of food.*

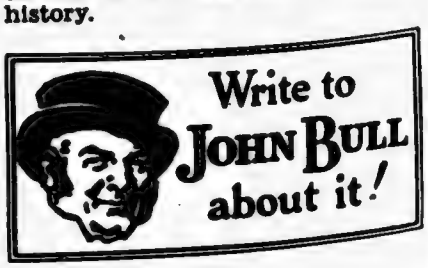
Last year Sir Arthur MacNalty, Chief Medical Officer to the Board of Education, announced that out of 1,700,000 schoolchildren examined in England and Wales, 11 per cent. were "subnormal" or badly nourished, and that figures of nutrition among children were showing a steady deterioration.

These children are the men and women of to-morrow. What kind of a country can we hope to have a generation hence when the natural health and fitness of such great numbers is destroyed in childhood?

The nation will stand or fall on the health of its people.

Sufficient food for all is at least as important as sufficient guns. The Government *must* bestir itself to end this great social evil of malnutrition.

And if the forthcoming B.M.A. conference can bring about some real action in the matter, then it will have performed the greatest national service in all its long and useful history.



Nelson has not been forgotten. Every year the famous Trafalgar Square Monument is decorated for his birthday. And if his immortal appeal ever has to be repeated, the nation will not be found wanting.

ENGLAND EXPECTS!

by A. G. Gardiner

THESE are times that try men's souls. If war it is to be, let us face it with cool heads, stout hearts and the will to victory, no matter at what cost.

For if victory fails us, nothing will remain that makes life on this earth livable to the free spirit of man.

The civilisation that mankind has won through centuries of sacrifice is threatened by a wave of naked barbarism that aims at nothing less than the subjection of the world to the merciless will of a conquering race and a maniacal dictator.

Let us be done with illusions and speak only with acts. We have dwelt in our fools' paradise too long.

For years we have shut our eyes and deafened our ears to the terrific conspiracy that is now fully disclosed.

It is a Crime

We have refused to see that the liberties of the world were menaced by gangsterism on a scale unparalleled in history and have doped ourselves with the drugs of "appeasement" and "isolation" and "patience."

Even now Mr. Chamberlain invokes us to "patience."

That is an admirable virtue if you are dealing with civilised men. It is a crime if you are dealing with thugs.

It is "patience" that has brought the world to the desperate pass of to-day.

If the gangsters had been taken by the throat when the landslide of lawlessness begun in Manchuria eight years ago we should not have been on the brink of world war now.

BUT OUR "PATIENCE" THEN BLAZED THE PATH OF THE BARBARIANS TO THEIR TRIUMPHS IN ABYSSINIA, IN CHINA, IN SPAIN, IN AUSTRIA, IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, IN ALBANIA.

And now they see victory within their grasp—Hitler master of Europe from the Baltic to the Black Sea, Mussolini dominant in the Mediterranean, and Japan mistress of the Far East and the Pacific.

"Within their grasp," but not yet grasped. The terror that threatens can still be averted if we will cease to be "patient" and speak the only language that the barbarians will listen to—the language of action.

If that language is spoken, swiftly, boldly, unflinchingly, we need not fear the issue, whether it be peace or war.

It is true that in the past two months the "Axis" has enormously increased its strategic strength. The fall of Czechoslovakia has given Hitler command of the great central bastion of Europe from which he can menace all the surrounding powers.

And the end of the long tragedy of Spain, followed by the annexation of Albania, leaves our position in the Mediterranean one of extreme peril.

But, on the other hand, the belated lead of Britain and France has already roused the nations that have lain shuddering under the shadow of the "Axis" powers.

The Balkan *bloc* is now fairly solid for freedom, and in the background are the vast potentialities of Russia and the United States.

I am not one of those who lay all the blame for the uncertainty about Russia at our own door.

Russia With Us?

It is due to many causes, Russia herself among them, but I cannot doubt that the vital interests of that country are opposed to the triumph of the "Axis" powers and will, in the event of war, bring her resources into the field against them.

And as to the United States, no one can follow events in that country without realising how fully it is alive to the menace of Hitler's dream of the world-wide empire of the Germanic race with himself as the over-lord of the earth.

America will not come in to save us, but she will come in to save herself. Her frontiers, like ours, are now in Eastern Europe.

If freedom in the Americas is to be saved, it must be saved in Europe.

The Red Light

President Roosevelt knows that. His recent declarations and his SOS to the Dictators are a red light that aggressors will ignore at their peril.

The most immediate and critical problems of strategy we have to face is our attitude to Italy.

Mr. Chamberlain's obsession that he can detach Mussolini from the axis must be abandoned.

It has been the most disastrous of all our mistakes.

It is true that the Italian people loathe Germany and like us, but we have to reckon at present not with them but with Mussolini.

Every surrender to him, so far from weakening the axis, has strengthened it.

It is madness to shut our eyes to the fact that he is prepared to take all the future risks of Hitler's European supremacy in order to drive us out of the Mediterranean.

If we are to deliver Italy from her unholy alliance with her hated neighbour Mussolini's power must be broken.

And I am much mistaken if it does not break easily.

Italy is immeasurably more vulnerable than Germany, and British and French sea power should be able to smash the axis at its weakest end.

It is vital that we should do so, not only for our security in the Mediterranean, but for the release of the Italian people from an unnatural alliance.

Let us turn to the home front. Here, too, action is urgent. No one can doubt the imminent peril in which the British Empire stands to-day.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THAT EMPIRE IS THE ULTIMATE GOAL OF THE DICTATORS, AND IT IS OBVIOUS THAT IF THEY SURVIVE THE BRITISH EMPIRE WILL NOT.

In this vast emergency an immediate and drastic change in our Government is necessary.

Churchill Needed

I have the utmost respect for Mr. Chamberlain's motives, but his policy has ruinously failed and his retention of supreme power in the event of war cannot be contemplated without the gravest alarm.

Whether he remains in supreme office or not the Cabinet must be reconstructed on a really national basis.

Mr. Eden, who fell at the dictation of Mussolini, and Mr. Churchill, whose imaginative and executive genius is unequalled, should at once return to office.

Mr. Churchill preferably to the Admiralty.

The Labour and Liberal opposition should be represented and men of great and specialised experience like Sir Arthur Salter and Mr. Frank Pick should be given important administration tasks.

Finally the nation should be organised at once on a war footing. No merely private, sectional or party consideration must be allowed to interfere with the one purpose in view, that of mobilising all the energies of the nation for the common defence.

The setting up of a Ministry of Supply ought not to be delayed a day and, much as we loathe compulsion, we must not hesitate to submit to it the moment that its necessity is indisputable.

Remember, if war comes, everything that we cherish, our liberty, our lives, our civilisation, our national existence, will be at stake. We must not fail.

And we shall not fail if in this dark hour we one and all obey the signal that inspired us to victory in another time of peril—

"England expects every man to do his duty. . . ."

Waste no time if you are to try for the huge £1,000 prize which MUST BE WON in the *Daily Herald's* great Vegetable Garden Competition.

The final entry form will appear in the *Daily Herald* on Saturday, and all entries must be received by not later than last post on Wednesday next, April 26th.

Enter to-day by getting a copy of the *Daily Herald* and choosing from the list of 28 crops the 12 which would make the best vegetable garden, imagining the plot to measure 45 ft. by 30 ft.

This is the simple task which may bring you a fortune. It is an opportunity you must not miss—go after that £1,000 now!

Big Medical Enquiry Demanded

Sir Wyndham Childs'

Hospital Chiefs Must Act!

THOUGH a jury withdrew a proposed rider about insufficient staff at the Croydon General Hospital, the treatment there of a badly burned two-year-old boy demands urgent investigation by the Governors.

His parents and the hospital staff disagreed over the time the child waited for attention.

But it is clear there was delay, and the reason given was that other equally important operations had to be performed.

Yet Dr. Edward Burnet, a pathologist who made a post-mortem after the child died the same evening, declared at the inquest: "In a case like this every minute you lose is a minute towards a fatal termination."

He maintained that there would have been a much better chance of recovery if the child had been taken into the operating theatre at once.

Later, at the resumed inquest, Dr. Harold Sington, for thirty years anæsthetist at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, said that, in his opinion, it would not have been wise to operate within a quarter of an hour.

It was not, though, a matter of a quarter of an hour, even by the reckoning of the Hospital staff.

The boy, John William Parsons, of Zion Road, Thornton Heath, was taken to hospital about 10.30 in the morning and he was not operated on until about noon.

This recent case is unhappily by no means the only one at the Croydon General Hospital which has disturbed residents in the neighbourhood.

Not so long ago Father W. A. Pritchard, of St. Gertrude's Catholic Church, South Croydon, criticised the hospital.

"I have information," he said, "that patients have been bullied and generally treated in an unreasonable manner.

"The officials have a lot of unruly people to deal with at different times, but that is no justification for their riding roughshod."

While, in fairness, it must be pointed out that even the largest hospitals often have great difficulties to contend with, there can be no doubt that Father Pritchard did right in bringing the complaints he had received to public notice.

Only a few months since a man was injured during demolition work and hurried to the hospital.

His hand had been crushed by falling masonry.

Apart from general delay, he was not given attention until he had seen the almoner and arranged the amount he could pay.

Mr. Seymour Paddon, a local photographer, waited an hour before anyone even looked at his hand after it had been severely burned by flashlight powder.

He was taken to the hospital at a comparatively quiet time in the evening.

Then, four months ago, after a woman had been admitted suffering from an internal ailment, her husband was informed that she would be sent home again if he did not see the almoner and arrange what substantial part of the fee he could pay for an operation.

There is, too, one case on record of a seventy-six-year-old man being hurried out of the hospital with eight broken ribs.

He was taken there when he was knocked down by a car, and after being sent home he lay for two days in great pain.

By then his condition was so serious that he was rushed to the hospital again, and it was then found his ribs had been broken.

A doctor who examined a man knocked down outside the hospital gates said he was suffering merely from shock and sent him home.

Some hours later the man died. His spine had been broken!

Subscriptions to the Croydon General Hospital average about £30,000 a year, and much good work is done there.

That is why I feel sure the Governors will lose no time in ensuring that every possible ground for complaint will be removed without delay.

It certainly does seem that the present staff could be given much more assistance.

Croydon General Hospital receives £30,000 a year

Public Benefactor

THIS week the £1 1s. goes to Mr. Patrick O'Toole, of 149, Moss Road, Birkdale, Southport.

He has furnished valuable information about a dubious concern whose affairs I am watching.

Mark your envelopes: Public Benefactor.

Watch 'em

MORE mass-produced postal courses from 8, Hammersmith Broadway, London, W., are still popping up.

The latest tells you how to make yourself grow, and for this the umbrella address assumes the title of London Physical Institute.

* * *

"THESE pests even scramble for orders outside hospitals and registrar's offices," writes a Liverpool reader who begs me to denounce again the touts employed by certain undertakers.

Obtaining information by bribery, some of these cads call at the homes of people who die in hospital even before the relatives have been advised officially.

A growing scandal which the undertakers' own organisation should stamp out!

* * *

VICTOR THOMAS, of Rose-Garth, The Lees, Beltinge, Kent, is another name which song-writers should add to their Beware List.

Claiming to be a composer of repute, he advertises for lyrics to be set for music, but his "reasonable terms" have all the familiar snags.

* * *

DARK-SKINNED and suave, a rogue is selling rubbishy articles on the pretence that they have been sent from China to escape Japanese plunderers.

His fiction, of course, is that proceeds will be sent to help Chinese refugees.

In Yorkshire, where he is busy, one Castleford man found a jade ring he bought was set with green glass!

How They Get Your Name

A VAST address-finding business behind homework and similar ramps is unmasked in a remarkable document which has just come into my possession.

Issued by F. R. Doney and Co., of Halgavor, Bodmin, Cornwall, it reveals how names and addresses of likely victims are bartered at so much a hundred.

First move in one section of the widespread trade is made by F. R. Doney and Co., which, incidentally, is not a company at all, but merely a business name.

"We pay 2s. a hundred for addressed envelopes," they advertise.

After paying 2s. 6d. as "security fee," those who apply for the work receive the document which tells them unblushingly how they can join in the racket.

But only, it is clear, to do all the scavenging for very scant pay. The plums go elsewhere.

They are assured that by advertising in a certain paper—at their own expense!—they will obtain about 100 replies a week.

Envelopes must then be bought, addressed, and sent to Doney and Co.

Letters from which names and addresses are taken must also go along. But, it is stated, they will be returned after the envelopes have been checked.

For all this work Doney and Co. promise the liberal payment of 2s. a hundred addressed envelopes!

Then the merry-go-round starts.

"You can now," says Doney and Co., "sell your lists to other firms any number of times—but be sure not to sell them to the same firm twice."

When any list is about three months old it should apparently be scrapped—"but that does not mean throwing it away."

A further profit can be made, it is explained, by selling the original letters to our old friends, the Melton Manufacturing Co., of Leicester!

"They will pay from 25s. to 30s. a thousand for them."

What a ramp!

So Bookies Can Lose—Sometimes

MEET a bookmaker who believes in simple arithmetic.

He is Mr. J. Roe, of Petrol Station (that's a nice modern house), Kirby Bellars, Melton Mowbray.

A Chilwell, Notts, reader, who had entrusted him with £250 to join in the betting business, asked for an account. Mr. Roe sent him this terse statement:

	£	s.	d.
Previous losses	212	15	6
Expenses at Thirsk ..	22	17	6
Losses Thirsk	264	7	6
	£500	0	0

Another man had also put up £250, so the total outlay was balanced to a penny in Mr. Roe's little sum, though he seems to have robbed himself of 6d. in adding up the pence column.

But what puzzles the Chilwell speculator is this:

When he replied to Mr. Roe's tempting advertisement he was, he says, assured that the bookmaker would also put £250 into the pool.

Instead, it seems, all the odds were laid with the money subscribed by his two partners, and Mr. Roe, in addition, deducted all his expenses.

Since his charge under that heading for two days at Thirsk races amounted to £22 17s. 6d., he evidently does himself well.

He must, too, be popular with people who bet with him. Because, according to his statement, the whole of the capital, less expenses, went into their pockets in three weeks!

It's nice to know that punters have such a run of luck sometimes.

Of course, the Chilwell reader does not appear to have taken much precaution in safeguarding his venture into the intricacies of "making a book."

Even so, his experience should be a lesson to others.

The advertisement which led to the loss of his money read:

"Wanted partner with £250, quick at figures; safe income assured."

In addition to profits, he was supposed to have a job as clerk at £5 a week.

Beware these propositions when you find they are made by bookies anxious to pour into your lap the profits they say can be made so easily.

Weekly Warnings

On the Run—After Cunning Crisis Frauds

FOR their own protection A.R.P. organisations should be careful from whom they order first-aid equipment.

Two young men and a girl, on the run after conspiring at Birmingham to defraud many people who ordered goods from them, are still swindling as they go.

Using the trade name of the British First Aid Company, they are uncannily clever at obtaining payment in advance.

Since they fled from their small third-floor office in Broad Street, Birmingham, numerous complaints from all over the country have reached Scotland Yard.

It is the trio's last desperate plunge after juggling on the fringe of the law for more than twelve months.

Most active of them is Bernard Ernest Behrens, only about twenty-five, very fair, and always smartly dressed. He is of medium build and has a rather prominent scar over his left temple.

His partner, Gordon Tudor Evans, is about the same age, and for some time has used the name of Granville Lewis. He seldom wears a hat and is a chain cigarette smoker.

The girl, Betty Grindle, is more generally known as "Miss Chester."

Slim, exceedingly pretty, she was once a nursemaid.

When they first set up in business at Birmingham their literature misled many people because it bore the familiar emblem of the British Red Cross Society.

That subterfuge was soon scotched and a blue cross was substituted.

Orders were canvassed in all parts of the country and in nearly every instance full payment was obtained in advance.

Soon complaints that goods had not been delivered were pouring into the local police.

These were staved off with all kinds of excuses and after considerable delay some goods were sent.

Meanwhile, supplies were being obtained on credit from various wholesale firms.

Here again the same Box and Cox technique was employed.

Payments on account were made when demands could no longer be put off.

In the end the whole position became too difficult even for the ever-bubbling inventive genius of this unscrupulous trio.

So they planned an escape.

With the landlord threatening to distrain for rent, they managed to obtain further supplies on credit from a new source.

Then they advertised the business for sale under a box number and secured £300 from an elderly man, who agreed to take over the concern *with the stock he was shown.*

As soon as the money was handed over they cleared off, taking everything with them!

It is this stock which is being used to give the semblance of a business now they are flitting from place to place, still deluding individuals and various A.R.P. organisations into making advance payment for goods they cannot hope to deliver.

These three rogues will be lucky, though, if they succeed in keeping up their roving swindle much longer, because police throughout the country have been told to look out for them.

Meanwhile, be on your guard.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Mr. Smy with his wife. They were parted for the first time in fifty years when he went to jail

Red Tape at its Worst

We are going ahead with our plans for demolishing the cottages.

THAT is Officialdom's latest remorseless retort to Darby and Joan Smy's desire to keep their three condemned cottages at Wingfield, East Suffolk.

Because he would not pay a £10 fine for refusing to quit one of the dwellings the old man was kept in Norwich Jail for a month.

Now he intends to turn them into pig-sties and store-rooms.

He made this sensible suggestion to the authorities long ago. They turned it down.

* * *

An official of the Hartismere Rural District Council contends that Mr. Smy should have made this application when the cottages were first scheduled as unfit for human habitation.

Now, he says, it is too late.

Why?

And why was Mr. Smy not told at the time that he could make such a request?

His many indignant sympathisers are determined, if necessary, to demand a Ministry of Health Enquiry. Rightly so.

This old couple, both seventy-two years old, married for more than half a century, have brought up a family of eleven.

After working hard for long years as a shepherd, Mr. Smy bought his small holding and the cottages with his savings.

It is sufficient hard luck, surely, that he should lose the small income he looked for from the cottages in his old age.

But to insist that they must not be used even as barns is red tape at its worst.

This Moneylender Borrows First!

LENDING money is Mr. Arthur Gordon's aim. He knows how to make it, too.

His box number advertisements describe him as a private investor with capital available for small loans.

But people who reply are expected to increase his capital!

When they hear from him they learn his name and address, which is 18a, The Avenue, West Ealing, London.

They also learn that he wants a fee varying from £3 3s. to £1 1s. before making the loan.

In three cases I have before me the same unusual readiness to advance the money at once is expressed, but in each instance this advance payment is requested.

"For initial and travelling expenses," explains Mr. Gordon. And he's so anxious to get the fee that he sends a registered envelope for it.

To one man who did not send £3 3s. by return he quickly wrote saying how disappointed he was.

His entire letter was concerned with the fee, and he ended up peremptorily: "You have a registered envelope for the purpose and I therefore expect to hear from you *by return of post.*"

Mr. Gordon, I find, occupies a room in a flat.

His heavy daily mail includes many registered letters.

If common-sense prevailed they all would contain a curt note turning down his proposition, but I expect many have swallowed the bait.

However, I trust my advice to shun this so-called private investor will, from now on, curtail his postbag.

Snowball to Dodge

EVEN in spring or summer, the snowballs keep rolling.

Hidden inside one of them is the warmly tempting message: "A Fortune for a Florin in Four Weeks."

Started on its journey by the Florin Profit-Sharing Club, of Nasec Buildings, Manchester Street, Oldham, this particular "Snowball" is almost identical with that of the Sports Mutual Club, Hove, which I criticised last week.

There is the fabulous sequence of your name on thousands of forms held by a small army of "friends" who will each send you 1s., so that you secure anything up to £300!

Genius behind this endless flow of wealth is a young man named J. M. Greaves.

When one of my investigaters asked him for the names of some of the people who had earned £300 in a month by his wondrous scheme, he became strangely vague.

So, because the huge Snowball bluff is rampant again, I specially warn readers to be on the look-out and avoid it like the plague in whatever guise it is dangled before you.

WHERE'S THE SECURITY?

ADVERTISING The People's Thrift Club, of 7a, Moss Street, Liverpool, circulars are being dropped into numerous letter-boxes on Merseyside.

Those who join are assured that they can pay in each week any amount they choose and can buy various goods up to the amount in hand at any time.

Excellent idea on the face of it, but the concern, I find, is run from a small office for which rent, including lighting, is only 7s. 6d. a week.

Since it is also a one-man affair, owned by a man named Gallagher, it is difficult to see how members can bank on the "absolute security" they are promised in the circular.

More Mythical Millions

CAN you believe that vast fortunes are still going begging?

Well, mysterious meetings near Sheffield of supposed heirs to an immense hoard show that the mythical Fazackerley Millions is not the only foolish quest on which people are wasting their money.

This time the bubble takes the name of the "Clarke Millions."

About 180 years ago, so the legend goes, John Clarke, a Leicester magnate, died leaving a fortune of £50,000,000!

He is said to have married a girl named Mallender, whose home was at Killamarch, about seven miles from Sheffield.

It is her descendants, chiefly, who have been banded together in the belief that the millions are in Chancery—just waiting to be claimed.

As usual, everyone has been sworn to secrecy. When meetings are held, extraordinary precautions are taken.

* * *

Supposed heirs would save themselves needless expense and false hopes if they remembered that there are no millionaire fortunes in Chancery waiting to be collected.

"Nation shall speak unto nation" is the motto of radio. And the nations are speaking to each other across the skies with a vengeance!

INTERNATIONAL CROSS TALK

IT is a calm, unimpassioned voice. You can hear it on your own wireless set any night you like, reciting British news in German in the B.B.C. programme. Yet no voice in the whole world at the present time is attracting more attention.

Goebbels is infuriated about it. Hitler has ranted against it. Official Germany threatens that unless it is silenced she will flood propaganda into every corner of the British Empire. Already it has started retaliatory broadcasts.

German whispers to German, when he knows to whom he is speaking: "Do you know this, that and the other? I heard it on the wireless from London."

Tens of thousands of them have bought or are saving up to buy higher-powered sets, so that that voice can be brought within range of their own homes.

The Government - sponsored "people's set" is too low-powered for the purpose, *as Hitler intended it should be.*

German refugees in this country have asked the B.B.C. to cut out the chimes that precede it, chimes that can easily be heard in the street and are recognisable to members of the Gestapo.

What is Their Fear?

Agents of this dreaded secret police force have been known to turn their attention to people for no other reason than that they are known to listen in to that tranquil, unemotional voice from London.

What have the Nazis to fear from it? What deadly poison can it be spreading? You must have found yourself wishing that you could understand German, so that you could find out what official Germany is so afraid of.

What is it saying, that it should start a War of the Wireless Aerials, as it has done?

Well, it talks about markets. Prices. Pit accidents. Court cases. And little skirmishes in the House of Commons.

It gives colourful descriptions of the nation's pageantry and outstanding sporting events.

On a recent evening, twenty-four hours after the German short-wave station had indulged in a vitriolic world-wide attack on Britain's colonial history, that calm voice started up: "His Majesty to-day dedicated a part of Windsor Great Park."

Germans who heard both broadcasts must have decided that the British are a very strange people. And Britons themselves who heard both news bulletins must have thought their Government has very strange ideas about fighting a wireless war.

For there is no subtle propaganda interspersed between the items of everyday news You can make certain of that for yourself.

You listen-in to the news broadcasts in English, which are the work of our four biggest British news agencies, and on which no official or even B.B.C. influences of any sort are brought to bear.

Well, the 'German bulletins broadcast by that placid speaker are merely exact translations of those British bulletins prepared for British consumption.

Not a word is added, not a touch of colour introduced to influence German public opinion.

Half-hearted? Not at all. It means this one thing only—that we have a far deeper insight into human psychology than the Germans ever have.

We give—truly and fairly—the news that the German masses cannot hope to get from any other source in their land of many censorships.

We don't overstress news because it is news about Germany. We don't suppress news because it isn't to our own glory. We make no comments whatsoever on their people, their leaders, their institutions, their political system.

Because of all this, they are learning to trust our news bulletins in German.

If we introduced the tincture of propaganda they certainly wouldn't do so.

And so we have them listening, and learning. And the anger of Hitler, Goebbels and Co. approaches hysteria.

How different is the German method. Remember that they start under the handicap of having no news to give us that is forbidden by our own leaders.

They can give only biased comments on truths which the British public knows about already.

There is no danger—no matter how they intensify their retaliation—of their influencing British public opinion in the slightest degree by such methods.

Let us examine their methods more closely.

Before Munich they were broadcasting their bulletins in English from eight different stations.

Poison Factory

Their most important broadcast was from their £1,000,000 short-wave station at Zeesen, biggest poison factory of all.

This station has different broadcasting hours for Canada, Australia and other parts of our Empire.

Monthly programmes for Zeesen are distributed in our own Empire—very ornamental productions, containing special messages from Hitler.

From Zeesen and the other seven stations the Nazis were putting out propaganda in English for a total of ninety-two minutes every day at the time when we started our German news bulletins in a humble way.

Hitler thought we would drop our German broadcasts altogether after Munich!

He was disappointed. Quietly, evenly, that German voice—it speaks 100 per cent. perfect German, by the way—went on.

Hitler was infuriated. This was a deliberate attempt to poison German public opinion. The Germans would retaliate, he thundered.

So on March 2 he started his broadcasts in English from the medium-wave stations at Hamburg and Cologne.

Those medium-wave talks to Britain alone are tamer than the short-wave broadcasts in English to the whole world.

Certainly they make slighting references to British history, distort the relations between Eire and this country and portray British foreign policy as one big effort to rally the world against peace-loving Germany.

But these are not given as official opinion or even the announcer's opinion.

They are read from obscure newspapers or quoted from the speeches of obscure people. It looks as if the whole world is scoured for such material.

Mystery Speaker

With what relish the announcer (who speaks English badly, sounds his v's as w's, pronounces canary as cannery and committee as committee) reads any excerpt from an English newspaper which can be made, divorced of its context, to portray us as a nation of land-grabbers.

One of the most recent tricks was to put a mystery Englishman on the air, who criticised British leaders and asked what right had we, who built up an Empire on aggression, to criticise aggression.

The authorities in this country know how such speakers are found.

Well-educated young men among our unemployed have been given jobs in Germany at wages which have turned out to be so small that they have been pleased to earn richer rewards by broadcasting against their own country.

From the medium-wave stations efforts are made to prove to Britons that the Russians would only "rat" on them if any alliance were put to the test, that the Russian Army would be of no earthly use, anyhow.

Such propaganda as this *does* have some effect on public opinion here. You will hear those Nazi-inspired statements everywhere.

Then there are gestures of nauseating hypocrisy—such as the efforts to wring tears from British eyes with a description of how German officers laid a wreath on the tomb of the Czech "Unknown Warrior."

One recent gem of German logic arose out of the so-called agreement with Rumania.

"The benefits are mutual to both countries," said the speaker, "for, without mutual benefits, there can never be agreement." This just after Germany had told Czechoslovakia: "Be dominated — or bombed!"

But without doubt the most vitriolic anti-British propaganda is the short-wave stuff, sent the whole world over.

Jolly Jack

Some of the worst of that comes from a cheerful-sounding individual who calls himself "Jack, the announcer," prefaces his talks with a hearty: "Hullo, dear friends and listeners, this is Jack calling."

See how Zeesen portrays the execution of an Arab murderer: "On this religious festival an aged invalid was hanged for having an old rifle in his possession."

This station broadcasts to Palestine regular lists of so-called British atrocities against the Arabs, assures the Arabs that Germans are their friends.

It has also told the world (1) that the British deliberately riddled the dome of the mosque at Jerusalem with machine-gun bullets and (2) that all newspaper correspondents had fled from Palestine because of the stringency of the censorship—both manifest lies.

It has regularly told the world that while the British were in occupation in Cologne, German women and children were not allowed on the sidewalks, but were driven off by British officers with whips.

AND BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY IT SUMMARISES AS ONE CONTINUAL EFFORT ON THIS COUNTRY'S PART TO SHOW THE WORLD SHE IS BOSS.

Well, there's the cross-talk! Whose method is best?

It Doesn't Pay

British Government information from South America, where anti-British broadcast propaganda is particularly intensive, shows that the Nazis are defeating their own objects by the violence of their views.

In some of those countries broadcasting stations can have anti-British gramophone records for broadcasting purposes—with no copyright fees to pay. The propaganda is sandwiched between light music.

On the other hand, there is evidence that the German masses, who have striven in vain to find the truth from a Press and radio as lacking in individuality as a ventriloquist's doll, are growing hungrier every day for the B.B.C.'s German bulletins. And that every day their confidence in their accuracy grows.

The B.B.C. knows best. The truth will prevail.

We Interview the IRON DUKE

"We ought to continue to keep our great object, the genuine peace and tranquillity of the world," said England's greatest soldier

Napoleon dreamt of world conquest and had his dream shattered by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. To-day others dream of domination. What would the old Duke say to that if he were alive?

Below is a JOHN BULL reporter's imaginary interview with the man who saved Europe 124 years ago. Every word the Duke utters is taken from his speeches or his writings. Is he still right?

IT is about half an hour on the tram from Brussels to Waterloo.

I got down opposite the little house where the Iron Duke slept on the eve of his great victory. A chill rain slanted in from the Flanders fields and made slush of the village streets. I went up the road to the battlefield.

On the corner there is a café where tourists stop for tea and postcards, and a high, grassy mound built with basketsful of earth by thousands of Flemish women as a tribute to Wellington.

I climbed the mound and, through the rain haze, surveyed the scene. Peasants worked in the crops that are rich with the blood of French, German and British warriors.

The wind moaned over from the Dutch flats, carrying on its melancholy wings a presence to break my solitude.

I saw an austere figure in a grey frock coat, and a cocked hat that was shielded from the weather by a waterproof cover.

HIS face was like an eagle's carved in stone, but good humour took the glint from his steady eyes when I said: "The editor of JOHN BULL told me to get an interview with you. I thought I should find you here, sir."

The first Duke of Wellington replied dryly: "It appears that the newspapers have at last made such progress in guiding what is called public opinion that no man who looks to public station can attain his objects without a connection with and assistance from some of the editors."

"It is the editor who courts you to-day," I said. "You lived through an age when Europe thundered eternally to the tramp of marching feet and you crushed Napoleon who set out to be master of the world.

"Now we seem on the brink of another such age with Adolf Hitler aping your late foe. Your views on. . ."

Wellington raised his hand, and, speaking acidly, declared:

"His mind was, in its details, low and ungentleman-like due to the narrowness of his early prospects and habits. His whole life, civil, political and military was a fraud.

"There was not a transaction, great or small, in which lying and fraud were not introduced.

"HIS FOREIGN POLICY WAS FORCE AND MENACE AIDED BY FRAUD AND CORRUPTION. IF THE FRAUD WAS DISCOVERED FORCE AND MENACE SUCCEEDED."

"*Is* he great?" I said, trying to prolong the parallel.

"I never was a believer in him, and I always thought that in the long run we should overturn him. He never seemed at his ease, and even in the boldest things he did there was a mixture of apprehension and meanness.

"I used to call him Jonathan Wild the Great, and at each new coup he made I used to cry out, 'Well done, Jonathan!'"

The Iron Duke knit his grey eyebrows quizically as if he saw again, on the line of yonder hill, the Emperor's chaise lumbering off desperately through the turmoil and groan of a routed legion.

"Our Jonathan," I said, "evoked the rights of blood when he dissolved Austria and put the Czechs on the cross."

"I am convinced," spoke the acid voice, "that no man is so bad a judge of the justice of a claim as he who makes it."

"But if he persists in using such claims to enrich his glory, what then?"

"If it be possible to adopt a line of conduct which would not lead immediately to war, provided it can be done with honour, which I think indispensable in our government, it ought to be adopted in preference to that proposed in the conversations."

"He has allied himself with Italy and says the two armies are a match for all Europe."

"DON'T give him the reason to suppose," said Wellington musingly, "that we imagine he has concluded an alliance with the objects stated in the proclamation. And finding he has derived so little benefit from the alliance, there is every probability that he will deny the whole, and be glad of an opportunity to get out of the scrape.

"In the meantime we shall believe as much as we please, and shall be prepared against all events."

"The present issues," I said, "have split all political ranks from top to bottom."

He nodded understandingly: "I am in Parliament, and a most difficult and unpleasant game I have to play in the present extraordinary state of the parties."

When I spoke of the Irish bombings and the ugly stories of trouble fomented by foreign funds, I touched his native Dublin instincts on the raw, and he delivered an oration.

"I ALWAYS HAD A HORROR OF REVOLUTIONISING ANY COUNTRY FOR A POLITICAL OBJECT. I ALWAYS SAID IF THEY RISE UP THEMSELVES, VERY GOOD. BUT DO NOT STIR THEM UP; IT IS A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY.

"ALL the old institutions in the country ought, in the first instance, to be maintained, and to be changed and amended only as time and experience would point out what would suit both people and country better.

"In my opinion, the great object of our policy in Ireland should be to endeavour to obliterate, as far as the law will allow us, the distinction between Protestants and Catholics, and that we ought to avoid anything which can induce either sect to recollect or believe that its interests are separate and distinct from those of the other.

"I am one of those who have probably passed a longer period of my life engaged in war than most men, and principally in civil war.

"And I must say this, that if I could avoid by any sacrifice whatever even one month of civil war in the country to which I was attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it."

The Duke described the belligerent policy of certain politicians as "a sort of gibberish which men in office use, believing themselves military men."

And of the Cabinet: "In truth, the Republic of a Cabinet is little suited to any man of taste or of large views."

He stared at the twilight descending over the distant German frontier and shook his head.

"The theory of all legislation is founded in justice; and if we could be certain that all legislative assemblies would on all occasions act according to the principles of justice, there would be no occasion for the checks and guards which we have seen established under the best systems," he told me.

"Unfortunately, however, we have seen that the legislative assemblies are swayed by the fears and passions of individuals; when unchecked they are tyrannical and unjust.

"NAY, MORE: IT UNFORTUNATELY HAPPENS TOO FREQUENTLY THAT THE MOST TYRANNICAL AND UNJUST MEASURES ARE THE MOST POPULAR."

"The robbing and expulsion of the Jews," I suggested.

"Those measures are particularly popular which deprive rich and powerful individuals of their properties under the pretence of the public advantage.

"I tremble for a country in which, as in Spain, there is no barrier for the preservation of private property, excepting the justice of a legislative assembly possessing supreme power."

A soldier crossed the road below and made for the café lights already twinkling in Waterloo. "If war came," I asked, "should we win?"

"There," he said, pointing to the soldier, "it all depends on that article whether we do the business or not. Give me enough of it and I am sure."

"THERE is argument in England about conscription. What do you think?"

"I HAVE NEVER HAD MUCH VALUE FOR THE PUBLIC SPIRIT OF ANY MAN WHO DOES NOT SACRIFICE HIS PRIVATE VIEWS AND CONVENIENCE WHEN IT IS NECESSARY."

"But conscription means wrenching men from their wives and children."

"I acknowledge that I am a bad judge of the pain a man feels on parting from his family. In my opinion, we ought to continue to keep our great object, the genuine peace and tranquillity of the world, in our view, and shape our arrangements so as to provide for it."

"And if all efforts fail and airplanes come over London?"

"Then would His Majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war; and the cultivation, the beauty and prosperity of the country would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. . . ."

The granite figure of the Duke was thinning, receding slowly into transparency, and he scanned again the fields on which his impregnable squares of infantry shot the heart out of Napoleon's last essay at triumph.

I THINK there was a tear in his eye as faintly his voice came through the rain: "War at home? God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor in the scene."

Down in the village the tram bell rang. I looked down at the road which, in 1914, jingled with an unbroken line of German warriors for eighteen days.

We smashed the French at Waterloo with the Germans on our side. A hundred years later we hurled back the Germans from Waterloo with the French on our side.

"Is it not madness?" I shouted. But the only answer I got was the wail of the wind through the soldiers' cemetery.

NORMA KNIGHT -continued

Jealousy rears its head!

Jack Lindsay, Norma's leading man in her first film, is infatuated with her. On the pretext of discussing work he persuades Norma to dine with him.

Norma suddenly remembers she has forgotten to tell her husband she was dining out.

Humphrey is jealous of the friendship between his wife and Jack Lindsay.

At bedtime, Humphrey is still annoyed. But nothing prevents Norma from taking her nightly beauty treatment— KNIGHT'S CASTILE

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Knight's Castile

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Humphrey is Jealous! What will happen now? Look out for the next exciting episode

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it must be my daily Fynnon

Get back your spa-spring sparkle!

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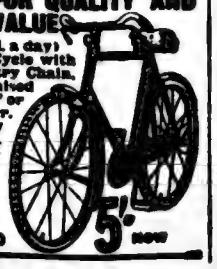

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HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

Chaplin is his own creation He went out to America for a few pounds a week, returned a millionaire after eleven years

The World's WISEST FOOL

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, they say, was fifty years old the other day. It is hard to think of Charlie as having any age—harder still to realise that Charlie began his career as a movie artist more than a quarter of a century ago.

"Making a Living," they called his first film. Indeed, it was scarcely more than that. If you see revived to-day the early films, in which Charlie, Mary Pickford and John Bunny blundered amateurishly in front of crude backgrounds, it seems a miracle that out of these flickers there developed in twenty-five years one of the great industries of the world.

It was Charlie, the ill-paid mime in "Mumming Birds," who went to America. It was the best-known comedian who ever lived who returned eleven years later.

He went out for a few pounds a week. He came back a millionaire.

Mind you, his wealth was not made by exploitation. He did it on his own. Chaplin is the only film artist who is the beginning and the end of his own productions. They are one-man shows.

Many stars whom you adore are merely the creations of producers. They are highly publicised nobodies forced into prominence; mere puppets whose strings, unknown to you, are pulled from up above; nonentities kept cleverly within the limits of what they can do.

Chaplin is his own creation.

Well, now, at the age of fifty, he is doing what for years has been his dream—making fun of all this Dictatorship which stamps imperiously across Europe, admired by Order, cheered by Command, its own Idolatry in fact.

HITHERTO, Hollywood has been barred from taking any part in politics. The Hays censorship, hired by itself, has imposed a limitation because of the possible effect on international affairs of political films.

But there has recently swept right across the States an anti-Nazi, anti-Fascist fear. Americans have become conscious that all their Democracy stands for is imperilled.

So Hollywood, comparatively, is free.

And Charlie is having the time of his life. He is making a film, once called "The Dictator," but awaiting christening by Charlie's final mood.

It has often been said—not in Germany, of course—that Hitler has a Charlie Chaplin moustache. So Charlie, appearing in his usual facial make-up, cannot help guying Hitler in any film which ridicules Dictatorship.

You will see him as the waif who, because of his moustache, is mistaken for the Great Man himself, and who therefore finds himself in control of a servile nation which pays him adulating homage.

"What you look like, you are."

Now Charlie once told me that he became a Socialist when, at Lord's, he saw the "gentlemen" coming out of one door and the "professionals" out of another.

His beliefs first appeared in his public work when he made the film "Modern Times"—a biting satire on the new robot life led by the millions of workers who, in factories, are slaves of The Belt.

He used his infinite gift of clowning to teach a political lesson. Hitler banned it, of course.

Well, Charlie will now get his own back, and ban Hitler.

There are in Hollywood, unknown to you, many most sincere people. There is Paul Muni, who thinks more of the films he acts in than all the money he makes—although, automatically, such is his brilliance, money pours in.

THERE is Robert Montgomery who, though invariably seen on the screen as a nitwit, is a fervent champion of all studio workers.

There is Eddie Cantor, a persistent pleader for several causes once thought lost.

But Charlie is quieter than these. He is a philosopher who ruminates and broods in a weird kind of way. He resembles, even amid the culture of his reading, his film personality.

On the screen he gets kicked about by people. In his private life it is ideas that worry him.

His humour, though, comes to his rescue. Only an hour or so after we had been discussing, in a yacht off Catalina Island three years ago, the woes of the world, the grim poverty he had seen in China, he was mocking again.

"I came back from Asia realising that nationality is a curse," he had said, in one mood. "English though I am, I belong to a great world, if it will let me.

"I felt, in China, that the Chinese were my brothers and sisters. They may be poor, but they have smiling faces."

Then, when we were seated in the yacht saloon, where we arranged a private show to amuse ourselves — Charlie, Paulette Goddard, the two Chaplin boys and myself—he tried to paralyse his sons before they started their turn.

"I am the funniest man in the world," he said, "and here beside me is the world's fiercest critic. We know it all. *Make us laugh!*"

It is this combination of the philosopher and the clown that you know on the screen. The philosopher writes it. The clown acts it.

Charlie's friends all say that at the age of fifty he is facing a personal problem—that of Paulette Goddard, his third wife, not much more than half his age.

They are very fond of each other. But Paulette likes parties and Charlie is sick of them.

She wants to go out at night. Charlie likes to read and talk at home.

He is devoted to his two boys. But I was surprised to find they were wearing the cadet uniform of their school.

"Why do you send them to a military school, Charlie?" I asked. "I thought you hated war."

"Wait,' he said. "I'll explain it to you."

Then early next morning, when we were driving home after a week-end on the yacht, he suddenly said to one of the boys, "Do you like drill?"

"No, father, I hate it."

"There you are," said Charlie.

"Do you believe in fighting?"

"No, father," replied the boy. "If you break your leg on the football field, you're a hero. If you lose your leg in a battle, you starve."

You see, Charlie knew what he was doing. . . .

They said that Charlie had made his last picture—at least, with himself as an actor. They said he was getting out of date, and that a silent comedian was a thing of the past in talkie days.

CHARLIE for a long time agreed with this himself. He planned becoming a director and producing Paulette as the star.

Then came "The Dictator."

In that, as I see it, Charlie won't have to talk. A bark will do for anything Hitler had to say.

Charlie need only wave his hands and throw out his arm in a salute for the whole world to bow.

He can be nothing and all-important, both at once.

It was very kind of Hitler to grow that Charlie Chaplin moustache. Imitation, in Charlie's case, will be the sincerest form of assault and battery.

Greatest of These

Mary

ONLY the hardest of hearts could fail to be moved by the plight of Mr. C. Hudson, an Essex man who served throughout the Great War.

Without work, he has a wife and five children under fourteen to support.

Two years ago he met with an accident, and the compensation he received did not cover the expenses of his long convalescence. Since then he has been employed only ten weeks, and his poor home has gone from bad to worse.

At the moment, Mary's parents are suffering grave anxiety over their three-year-old son who lies dangerously ill.

Please send a donation earmarked "Mary" to the Hon. Sec., JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

All sums will be gratefully acknowledged. Meanwhile, we record our thanks for 10s received from "Wirral" and £5 from Anon, Manchester 4.

Who are the men who watch ov
come into the headlines only in t
—Masters of Sea, Land and Air, B

BIG TW
DEFE

● *Lord Gort — "Tiger" Gort they call him—is supreme chief of the Army and, at fifty-two, the youngest to have held the post.*

MEET the Big Twelve of Britain's Defence.

Twelve men upon whose shoulders rests the gigantic task of making this country safe for all time.

Twelve men who are, in fact, the masters of Sea, Land and Air.

Let us begin with the Senior Service, for the Navy is still our greatest power.

First Sea Lord, whose long, grey ships guard the waters of the world, is Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse.

At sixty he is the youngest admiral since Nelson to have held this post.

In a Service which is by no means "silent" when it comes to heaving verbal brickbats at each other, nobody has ever had a bad word to say about Backhouse.

When he was appointed he had to have printed forms made to acknowledge the thousands of letters of congratulation.

Yet he added some personal touch to each form of thanks he sent out.

He has been called the "Top-sail-Yarder" because of his stentorian voice.

Sir Roger always has a word for the ratings, and, like all good sailors, he has always kept a parrot in his cabin.

From his flagship H.M.S. "Nelson" Admiral Sir Charles Forbes commands the Home Fleet.

Sir Charles was Jellicoe's chief gunnery officer at the Battle of Jutland, and is looked upon as the Navy's leading expert in this branch of war.

He is also expert on another subject—apples.

At his home in Virginia Water he has a prize orchard where he spends most of his shore time.

SHY, silent, he is a "self-made" admiral, in the sense that he joined the Navy at fourteen, the son of an obscure tea-planter in Ceylon, and worked his way to the top without influence.

A third Navy chief of whom you should know is Admiral Lord Cork, of the Portsmouth Command.

He is one of the most famous characters in the Service, the delight of the lower deck and wardrooms alike, to whom he has been known throughout his career as "Ginger" Boyler.

When he succeeded to the title of Lord Cork his name was changed to "Ginger Pop."

Corks come out of bottles with a pop—so you see it was a gift for the nickname hunters.

Added to ginger hair and a monocle, he has easily the loudest voice in the Navy, not excepting that of Sir Roger Backhouse.

There is a story that when he commanded the Mediterranean Fleet he arrived one day on the beach at Alassio ahead of schedule.

Across a mile of water he boomed out to his flagship: "Where's my picket boat. Send it off at once!" They sent it!

He is full of terse utterances.

ABOUT malcontents in the Navy: "The thing to do with them is to drop them over the side."

About battleship danger from aircraft: "Don't judge that from manœuvres or the Spanish War at sea—that is comic opera warfare."

About the lack of initiative in young officers: "If an officer, late for reporting, can drive a motor-car from Piccadilly Circus to Greenwich in six minutes without using initiative—I should like a new definition of the word."

Well, those are the masters of the Sea. Now meet the masters of the Land. . . .

Supreme chief of the Army is Lord Gort—"Tiger" Gort, or "Fat Boy" Gort to his closest friends, the first and only peer to get the V.C. during the War, and at fifty-two the youngest chief the Army has ever had.

He jumped over thirty generals to reach his present rank.

During his short spell as head of the Staff College it was said that the atmosphere of that place was more like a foundry than an academic seat of military learning.

Every day since his appointment as Chief of the Imperial General Staff he has kept office hours from 9 a.m. till 7 p.m. and later.

He works with an almost savage drive, and has the knack of extracting work from others.

The exploit that won him the V.C. is typical of his ruthless energy.

It was at the crossing of the Canal du Nord in 1918. He led his Guards across; then found and led a tank through withering fire to a flank attack on the enemy.

Wounded, and faint with loss of blood, he lay on a stretcher to rest; but later, when things were going badly, got off the stretcher and directed another attack.

"Tiger" Gort is well named.

His immediate deputy is Lieut.-General Marshal-Cornwall, who has one of the most important jobs in all the defence machine. He is solely responsible for anti-aircraft.

Small, red-headed, he is fifty-one and a brilliant organiser and "staff brain."

One of his jobs was the rearming of Egypt in 1937.

Among his special qualifications for his new post—besides the fact that he is an expert artilleryman—is his diplomatic experience.

He was attaché in Berlin for four years, and is an excellent linguist, especially in German.

He will need all his diplomacy—for, in emergency, the *real* control of anti-aircraft would come under the Air Force, and all inter-Service jealousies would have to go by the board.

The Haig of any future war would be Lieut.-General Sir John Dill, now of the Aldershot Command.

Sir John, fifty-seven years old, is a tall, fair Irishman and an "intellectual" soldier.

WITH the exception of his few years of command at Aldershot, he has concerned himself solely as a student and teacher of the problems of strategy.

Although not an obvious martinet, he gets his way, and one of his first moves on taking over at Aldershot was to cut down Army sports.

He did that for the sake of increased efficiency.

Training he found was being neglected for sport.

Units were prizing their trained "athletes," who walked off with all the events at regimental meetings, more highly than expert soldiers

...er your safety, the men who ...times of crisis? Here they are Britain's——

...ELVE of ...ENCE

Among the lesser chiefs are Major - General Pownall and Major-General R. Evans.

Pownall, who is a Belisha appointment, picked out from far down the list of colonels, holds the important job of Director of Military Operations and Intelligence.

He is fifty-one, an ex-gunner, and has a great deal of staff and teaching experience.

He was a senior secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

MAJOR-GENERAL "Dicky" Evans is chief of the Mobile Division—or new mechanised units.

He is one of the few senior cavalry officers who did not pass into retirement at the first whiff of petrol.

Instead of spending time bemoaning the passing of the horse, "Dicky" Evans got on with the job.

The result was first a War Office appointment as Deputy Director of Military Intelligence, and then his present job.

And now for the Air Force and the men who may be called on to protect YOU from the peril of the skies.

Chief of Staff is Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Louis Norton Newall, strict disciplinarian and the greatest enemy of Red Tape the service has ever had.

Son of an Indian Army colonel, he is now fifty-three, and already has a long string of decorations, from a K.C.B. downwards.

Although he is one of the few men on the active list of the force who took their pilots' certificates as long ago as 1911, it was not until a year after the War that he transferred from the Army.

Practicality is his strong suit.

It was he who sent up the Fairey Battle Bomber "almost off the drawing board."

To do this he "short-circuited" departments whose favourite game up till then had been to delay designs until they were nearly obsolete.

His pet hate is the pilot who stunts for sheer bravado. And on that subject his words are few and biting.

Once he told cadets at Cranwell: "If you do any low-flying unless specially ordered to do so, you are for the high-jump. The general public regards the aeroplane as a nuisance—and I agree with the general public!"

UNDER Sir Cyril are three men, of whom, probably, you have never heard, but who will play parts second only to his in safeguarding the country in time of emergency.

The first is Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh C. T. Dowding — "Stuffy" Dowding to the R.A.F. He is boss of the Fighter Command, our main shield against an attack by bombers.

Sir Hugh, who is fifty-seven, was a gunner officer before the War, and joined the Royal Flying Corps Reserve in 1914.

From a minor rank he rose to Air Vice Marshal in fifteen years, and has had vast experience in command of posts in the East and Middle East and in staff jobs at the Air Ministry.

In all things he is a realist, and he was one of the first R.A.F. chiefs to recognise the changes which the high speeds of modern aircraft would necessitate in fighting tactics.

As a result, some years ago, he was head of a unit set up to alter the War-time principles of "dog-fighting," and devise equipment for the new 'planes.

Experience and efficiency are his watchwords, and his advice to young pilots is: "Most crashes are caused by pilots with 150 to 200 flying hours. They think they know it all. And they don't. Always keep a healthy respect for your machine."

Next of the Air Force chiefs—from a citizen's point of view—is Air Chief Marshal Sir Edgar R. Ludlow-Hewitt.

From Uxbridge, he will direct the bombers, which are divided into six groups and based at thirty-one stations. The machines are among the fastest of their kind in the world.

Sir Edgar is fifty-three, and was an officer in the Royal Irish Rifles before the War.

August, 1914, saw him in the Air Force—one of the first fighting pilots.

Since then he has held many big jobs in the Air Ministry and executive posts like Commander of the Air Force in India.

Although one of Britain's key defenders, his name is better known to learned societies than to the general public.

For he is a world-famous botanist, and the national collections benefited by the huge stock of roots which he brought back from Iraq when he was commanding the Air Force out there.

A former Air Secretary of Britain, he knows as much about bombs as he does about bulbs—and perhaps a little more.

NUMBER three of the Air Chiefs is Air Marshal Sir Frederick W. Bowhill.

Based at Lee-on-Solent, he will control the Coastal Command, which with some of the Fleet Air Arm, will be the eyes of Britain's air defence.

Sir Frederick is fifty-eight and an ex-naval officer.

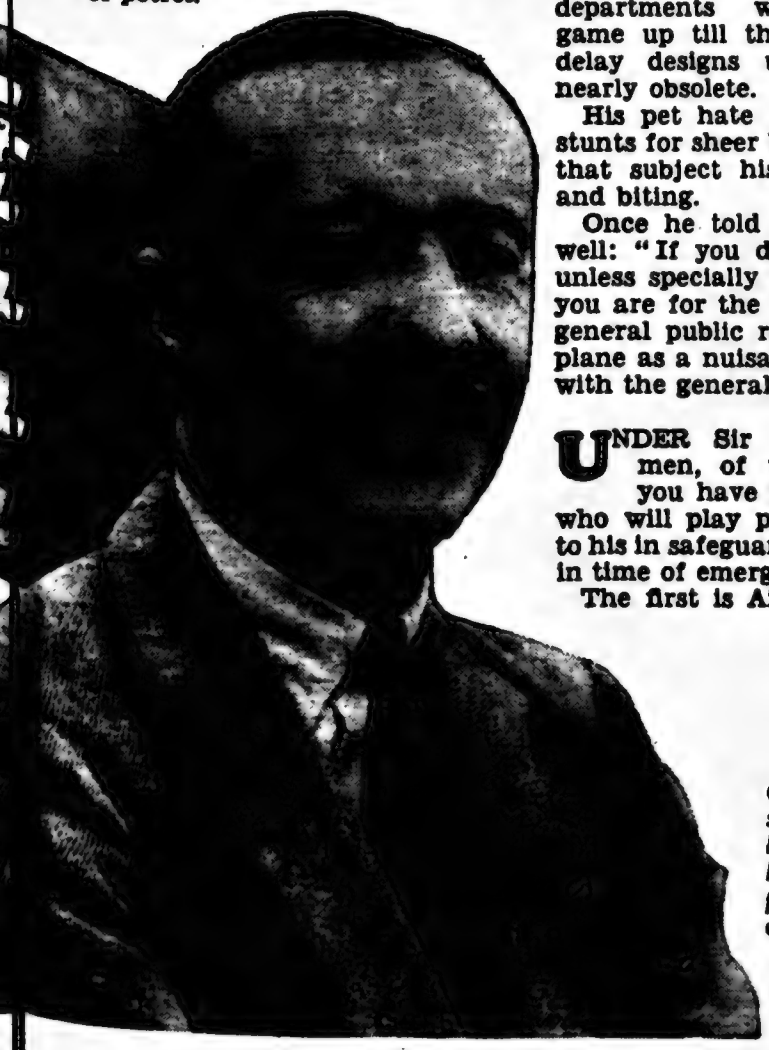
He got his flying ticket in January, 1913, and piloted one of the ramshackle seaplanes which set off from H.M.S. "Empress" to bomb the German naval base at Cuxhaven on Christmas Day in 1914.

They reached their objective, but on the return journey the weather, and not the enemy, beat them Only three machines returned Sir Frederick's was one.

He is another of the R.A.F. chiefs who has had an extremely rapid promotion.

And so in the Navy, Army and Air Force, these are the chiefs of our defences.

Our country's destiny is in their hands, and they are safe hands, guided by the wisdom of long experience.



● *Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall. He hates Red Tape and pilots who "show off"*

● *Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse. Keeps a parrot in his cabin. Has been called the "Topsail-Yarder" because of his stentorian voice*

CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT — 3

Who Killed the Village Belle?

"With all reverence, I say an Eternal God is directing this case."

Ten o'clock on a thundery Saturday night . . . A signal flashed from the pretty maid's bedroom. Next morning she was found dead. A dozen men might have had good reason to wish her out of the way. Was the killer William Gardiner, choirmaster and Sunday school superintendent?

By Stanley Bishop

A LIGHT appeared in an upper window of the dark house. It passed across the window three times, to be left standing in the centre—a candle shining in the night—and then it went out.

To the man leaning against the gate and watching fifty yards away the signal was clear. He whistled softly to himself.

It was Saturday night, May 31, and there was a mutter of thunder in the heavy air. A storm was lifting out of the east beyond Dunwich.

* * *

William Harsent, elderly village carpenter of Peasenhall, Suffolk, made his regular weekly call early next morning at Providence House, bringing a bundle of clean clothes for his daughter Rose, who was servant there.

He went to the back door and entered the kitchen, expecting to be greeted by Rose with the cup of tea she always had ready.

As he opened the door, he saw her—and cried out in alarm.

For she was lying just within the door, at the foot of a narrow, walled-in stairway which led to her bedroom above. She was in her night-gown and a wrap. And there was blood on her face.

A broken lamp lay near; the stub of a candle, and a broken medicine bottle.

There had been some sort of small fire. The lower part of the night-gown was burned, and the bottom stair tread showed scorch marks. A blanket was fastened across the kitchen window.

Old Harsent knelt and touched his daughter's hands. She was dead.

Shocked and frightened, he ran out and round the house, hammered on the front door to arouse Mr. and Mrs. Crisp, his daughter's employers, and give them the terrible news.

It is necessary here to explain the layout of Providence House. The maid's bedroom above the kitchen had its own stair, and there was no communication between the bedroom and the rest of the house.

Thus at night, when the door between kitchen and back hall was closed and locked, the kitchen and bedroom above formed separate quarters.

Well, the local police-constable and doctor arrived to make their first examination on the spot.

Death, said the doctor, must have taken place some time after midnight, and was due to a deep wound in the throat, which, in his opinion, could not have been self-inflicted or accidentally caused.

It looked as though an attempt had been made, with paraffin, to burn the body. There were severe burns on the arms and chest.

Searching the girl's bedroom, the police came on significant letters.

One, which was in a box beside the bed, ran:

"Dear R.—I will try to see you to-night at 12 o'clock at your place, if you put a light in your window for about ten minutes. Then you can put it out again. Do not have a light in your room at twelve, as I will come round to the back."

THAT letter carried no signature, and was enclosed in a buff oblong envelope of the kind used in business firms.

Another letter, in a similar envelope, was tucked away in a drawer. It was signed by "William Gardiner," was undated, and read:

"Dear Rose,—I was very much surprised to hear this morning that there is some scandal going around about you and me going into the doctor's chapel for immoral purposes, so I shall put it into other hands immediately, as I have found out who it was that started it.

"I shall summon them for defamation of character unless they withdraw what they have said and give me a written apology."

Yet a third letter was found. This, like the second, was from William Gardiner, and dealt with the village gossip, saying that the writer had broken the news to Mrs. Gardiner—"and she is awfully upset"—and describing an arrangement for two village youths to "come to chapel to-night and have it out. However they can stand by such a tale I don't know."

A capable, but rather "one idea" superintendent of the Suffolk Constabulary was in charge of the investigations.

When he learned from the post-mortem examination that Rose was to have become a mother, he accepted the easy, obvious murder motive, and determined to look for a respectable married man living in the village.

NOW Rose Harsent was pretty and winsome. She had daring eyes, a trim figure, and just the right flirtatious manner to lead the village boys into ecstasies of longing.

And, unfortunately, she had used her power. Pitch a stone into the cricket field when the Peasenhall side was playing, and you could scarcely help hitting one of her admirers—married or single.

Several knew the secret of that back door entry to Providence House, and the walled-in staircase to the bedroom.

William Gardiner was one. Yet his character seemed excellent.

A carpenter by trade, working for the village contractors, married, a fond husband and father, a devout Methodist, he was choirmaster in the chapel—where Rose attended—and superintendent of the Sunday school.

The cottage in which he lived looked towards the back of Providence House—towards the upper window at which the prearranged signal light shone at 10 o'clock on the night of Saturday, May 31.

The police superintendent quickly learned there was talk about middle-aged William Gardiner and pretty Rose Harsent. He was told the story of their being together one night in the chapel and of a revealing conversation between them that was overheard.

Other clues told against the choirmaster.

The broken medicine bottle, found by the girl's body, which had contained paraffin, bore a label saying: "Two teaspoonfuls to be taken every four hours—Mrs. Gardiner's children."

Further, the body rested on a partly burned copy of the *East Anglian Daily Times* — the newspaper published at Ipswich, which Gardiner took regularly, but which was not read at Providence House.

Gardiner was interviewed. He strenuously denied any association with the dead girl. He strenuously denied writing the note of assignation for the meeting in her room at midnight, and he strenuously denied the alleged similarity between specimens of his handwriting and the writing of this note.

Searching his house, police found a knife with bloodstains on it, which they impounded.

They learned also of a track of rubber-soled shoes—and Gardiner wore rubber-soled shoes—from the back door of Providence House to the roadway which led to Gardiner's cottage.

With that circumstantial evidence, Gardiner was arrested and committed by the magistrates. He stood his trial at the Suffolk autumn assizes at Bury St. Edmunds.

Leader for the defence was Sir Ernest Wild, K.C.—later the learned Recorder of London, but then a young barrister.

His defence is probably the finest and cleverest in any murder trial *to this day*.

ORIGINAL points which led to Gardiner's arrest were found to have no substance. The bloodstains on his knife were found to have come from a rabbit.

His rubber-soled shoes were proved to have been clean and dry, without a trace of mud or blood. They had not been worn for days before the murder.

And the bottle marked "Mrs. Gardiner's children" was shown to have been given by Mrs. Gardiner to Rose when it contained liniment for the chest.

(Continued on page 24)

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Don't take too much on one photo. Dotted line shows right view to aim for in viewfinder. Exclude everything unnecessary to the 'story'. Get close as possible to what interests you.

2 Exposure

Give very short exposure with aperture fairly open. Background is important only for contrast and need not be in perfect focus.

3 Use SELO films

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170 OTHER BRANCHES

Who Killed the Village Belle?

(*Continued from page 22*)

For the night of the murder Gardiner had an alibi. On that night he was—according to his wife—at home tending a sick child. The family was kept awake by the thunderstorm.

In the witness-box the prisoner was unshaken. Remorseless cross-examination could not break him.

He denied the suggestion that he had crept from his cottage, while his wife was asleep, to keep the arranged appointment with his alleged mistress.

The thunderstorm was confirmation of his alibi. Few people could have slept through that blaze of lightning and crash of thunder, least of all a light sleeper like Mrs. Gardiner.

A HANDWRITING expert, called by the Crown, said that the writing on the assignation note was in William Gardiner's hand, but experts of all kinds are notoriously dogmatic, because it is their business to be.

So the shuttlecock of evidence passed between unemotional, solid prosecution and dramatic, eloquent defence.

It was proved beyond doubt that the assignation note was in an envelope exactly similar to envelopes used by Gardiner's employers. But such envelopes are common everywhere.

One witness said he saw Gardiner standing at his cottage gate at 10 o'clock on the Saturday night when a light shone in the maid's bedroom of Providence House.

But a dozen other men in the village could have been watching for the signal.

Was Gardiner guilty or not?

The jury in the old courthouse of Bury St. Edmunds could not agree.

Brought before the judge after a long, wearisome retirement, the foreman said there was no prospect of their reaching a verdict.

Gardiner was therefore put back to stand second trial at the winter assizes at Ipswich.

Later the belief grew—because of one juryman's remark in court—that eleven of the jury were for a conviction and that one stood apart.

All the prosecution facts were brought out again to make their strong circumstantial chain at the second trial.

Again young Mr. Ernest Wild was at a super-pitch of effectiveness for the defence. Again Gardiner—despite his soul-breaking ordeal—was the perfect, self-composed witness on his own behalf.

Naturally he showed—in the paleness of his face—signs of his double imprisonment under the shadow of death, but he remained completely confident—a thick-set, smallish man of middle age, with neatly trimmed black beard, thick eyebrows, and a profusion of hair.

People were in tears as Mr. Wild ended his last speech, and told the jury: "With all reverence, I say an Eternal God is directing this case."

HOURS of waiting followed the jury's retirement. The court buzzed with conversation, a relief to the tension.

But underneath in the cells, black-bearded William Gardiner—who had "placed himself on God and his country"—sat reading a pocket Bible.

The jury were called back, having sent a note to the judge, and in tones hoarse with argument and strain, the foreman announced: "I am afraid there is no chance of any agreement between us. We *cannot* agree."

Gardiner was put back for trial a third time. There had been no indication of how the members of the second jury were divided.

Faced with the problem of two disagreements, the Crown took the only just course. A *nolle prosequi* was entered, which meant that the proceedings against him were stayed. He was released from prison to seek obscurity in a Middlesex suburb.

In legal theory a case suspended under a *nolle prosequi* can be reopened on discovery of further evidence. In practice this is never done.

Now what is the solution of this fascinating crime puzzle?

East Anglian juries are notoriously stubborn. And I cannot help thinking that if Gardiner had been tried at the Old Bailey, for example, the jury would have reached a decision one way or the other. Which way?

The evidence against the man was entirely circumstantial and in some parts flimsy.

Yet there was no reasonable doubt that he had been friendly—indeed familiar—with Rose Harsent.

IF the respected, respectable choirmaster and Sunday school superintendent was the father of her child, the secret could not have been kept much longer. His whole world would have tumbled in ruins.

There alone was sufficient motive for murder. But there was no conclusive proof that Gardiner ever carried on an immoral intrigue with the village belle. He admitted *friendship* with the girl. He was a friendly man.

Others—in a more difficult position than Gardiner—might have feared the disclosures which inevitably would have followed the birth of Rose's baby. The murder motive was with them as well.

Personally, I think that a jury of to-day would have given William Gardiner the benefit of the doubt and acquitted him.

Is your opinion the same?

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Not from the B.B.C.

Listen, Brutus

When Johnny shoots his sister with his little wooden gun,

Or Tommy pulls the pussy's tail and makes it yell, for fun,

Don't blame the darlings and proceed to give it to them hot—

The simple explanation is their stars are all to pot!

If a youngster's born 'neath Saturn on a Friday afternoon,

He'll set fire to his aunt, and rob the blind, and learn to croon;

But do not ply a slipper in the good old-fashioned way—

Just see the dear child's horoscope is mapped without delay!

SINCE W. Shakespeare announced: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings," science has made such huge strides that Mrs. A. Sudbury Hurren, a leading figure at the Astrologers' Convention at Harrogate, is now able to show up the Immortal Bill as an outsize dunce.

"Thousands of boys and girls are getting into trouble each year and coming before the courts," says Mrs. Hurren, "all because their stars are unfavourable."

Which makes me regret that that old-fashioned father of mine did not have the advantage of Mrs. Hurren's advice that so-called naughty children should be given astrological treatment.

But since I am now of an age when I can face my censors, instead of being compelled to turn my back to them, I am even more interested in the horticultural aspect of astrology, as expounded by Mrs. Ada Parks.

Gardeners intent on producing, something dimly resembling the elegant blooms and succulent vegetables depicted on seed packets should, it seems, forget all the mumbo-jumbo about mulching and fertilisers, and hitch their waggon to a horoscope.

The best time for planting, Mrs. Parks tells us, is when the moon is in the sign of Cancer. But root crops are an exception, and should be planted under the signs of Virgo, Capricorn and Taurus.

Up till now I have merely tried planting under the broiling sun, under the impression that Dutch seed catalogues sometimes tell the truth, under the commanding eye of Mrs. Y. Z., and, judging by lack of results, under a misapprehension.

However, I am willing to give Venus, Capricorn and Co. a run for my money, if only for the sake of the dear little birdies, who always find my seeds so nourishing.

Which reminds me that Mrs. Hurren also states that diet, too, should come under stellar direction if we wish to obviate errors.

It couldn't have been the lobster,

It couldn't have been the wine,

Of roasted duck I only ate

A plate or two, and yet my state

Impels me to repine!

It couldn't have been the olives,

The port or the cigars,

Yet something's inwardly astir—

Quick! send for my astrologer,

For I am seeing stars!

Y. Z.

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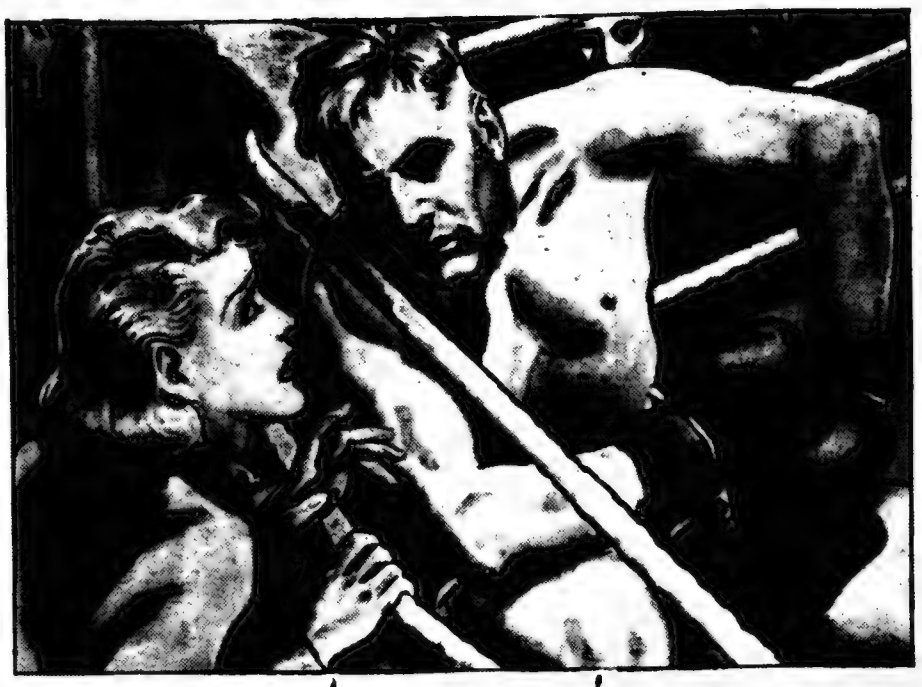
E.T. 6

Fiction Story by John Clement

Bethnal Green Bantam



OLD Bill Dickson removed his clay pipe to emphasise the importance of his speech, and stare sternly at his elder son.

The old high-backed Windsor chair which was his alone creaked as he shifted restlessly, while the rest of the family seated in the kitchen waited on his words with varying reactions.

Dave Dickson, the centre of attraction, went on eating bread and marmalade unconcernedly while his father paused to gain effect.

Stella rested her shapely arms on the table to support her pretty head as she watched her elder brother closely. Young Charlie waited with bated breath for what he knew was coming, and their mother rested the teapot for a moment to listen anxiously.

All eyes were turned upon Dave Dickson now....

"There's a lot of talk going on in and about this 'ere neighbourhood," old Bill began heavily. "Not that I cares what other people say—except when it concerns a son of mine.

"It comes a bit 'ard to a man like me, who's lived in Bethnal Green all 'is life—and 'is father and grandfather afore 'im. But you can't stop people talking, specially about a family like ours.

"There's been a Dickson in the fight game for three generations, and everybody in Bethnal Green knows it!"

A short pause followed this solemn declaration, while everybody in the little kitchen remained grim and silent.

The head of the Dickson family passed a horny hand over battered features which indicated his long connection with the prize-ring.

He turned painfully to behold Stella standing just below the ropes.... "That's 'im, Dave," she said

Old Bill Dickson had started to talk with the intention of making an impressive appeal to his elder son, and was finding the task a trifle beyond him.

"It's like this 'ere," he went on desperately. "I've talked to you as a father should for more than a year now, Dave, and it's been a waste of time.

"We've had men in our family for generations with the guts to give and take a hiding in boxing-rings all over this country. You all know that—and so does everybody else in Bethnal Green.

"Family tradition, they calls it. The people in this neighbourhood expect the Dicksons to produce a fighting-man now and again, and we've always lived up to our reputation.

"THERE'VE been some good men among us, too, but never a champion—never a boy of your class, Dave. You've got everything, and Bill Dickson ought to know what he's talking about. There's a fortune in your two hands!

"Ask any fight fan in Bethnal Green where young Dave Dickson stands, and they'll tell you he can win the British bantam-weight championship just as soon as he likes to turn professional. Think of all the difference it'd make to your mother—to me—to all of us!"

At this stage of the conversation Dave Dickson finished his bread and marmalade, wiped his fingers on the tablecloth. He was a short, compact and muscular figure even in his clothes, with a strong, stern expression which belied his real age.

The features were perfect, unmarked despite a year of boxing with some of the best men at his weight in the country.

Professionals welcomed Dave Dickson's services as a sparring partner to bring them along. At the age of nineteen he looked five years older—that rare phenomenon, a thinker as well as a fighter.

There was, indeed, something of the philosopher about him which made Dave an eternal puzzle to his family.

"I've thought about it quite a lot," he answered slowly, "and I've come to the conclusion that I can best help you all by holding on to my job.

"You see, I know why you've opened up on this subject again, dad. They told me at the top of the street that you were sacked this afternoon. Well, you know so many people about here that you could get another job to-morrow if you wanted it.

"Now, let's get this straight. I have no interest in the fight game as a means to make a living. You talk about fighters all day long, but you never trouble to look at the results. What has fighting done for you?

"It's smashed you, flattened your face, slowed you down so that you could never offer yourself for a decent job.

"The Dicksons, you say, have been in the fight game on and off for fifty years. So what? We're still living in Slade Street, ain't we? You and your father before you were born in Slade Street, and you've never been able to pull yourself out of it!"

"Bethnal Green's good enough for me,' old Bill snorted, "and it always will be. Blimey! The Dicksons are part of Bethnal Green. And what have you done about it? You're wasting the best years of your fighting life in a City office—you!—who could be Champion of England inside six months.... Why, where are you off to now?"

Dave Dickson had pulled on his jacket, reached for his hat. "I'm going down to the gymnasium for an hour to loosen up a bit," he declared. "That's my way of keeping fit, and it has nothing to do with earning a living.

"Get that into your head. You've thrown yourself out of a job, thinking I'd turn professional to save the family going on the dole, didn't you? Well, there's nothing doing, so get back to work, dad."

They watched him go in strained silence, waited until the front door slammed, and then Stella took up the conversation....

"AND that's that!" she said grimly. "You've all had your turn at getting him to go for the championship. Young Charlie persuaded a bloke to set about 'im so that 'e could get Dave to fight, mother kidded a man to insult her in the Bethnal Green Road, and dad's gone on the dole. Now it's up to little Stella. And have I got an idea! Just watch me."

"I've been watching you all your life, Stella," Mrs. Dickson said gloomily, "and I ain't seen anything about you yet that suggests brains. What's the big idea, anyway?"

Stella Dickson giggled, rumpled her blonde curls. "I'm eighteen, ain't I?" She drooped a furtive eyelid at the family. "Some girls think about getting married at eighteen, don't they? I don't say I'm all that daft—but it'll do for Dave.

"There's a certain party in the fight game who's done Stella Dickson wrong. Get that straight. If Dave won't fight for his sister's honour—that's how they put it on the pictures—he'll never fight at all."

"Well, stone me sideways!" gasped young Charlie. "That's the first idea you've ever had in your life, Stella."

"And it'll be the last," old Bill declared, with an air of finality. "Dave may be slow about taking his packet out of the fight game—but he ain't raving mad."

"NOW don't be a silly old perisher," Stella coaxed. "I know more about Dave than the lot of you put together, and mine's the tale he'll fall for. The trouble is I've got to find the right kind of bloke to do me wrong. I haven't got that levelled up yet, but when I do——"

"What a laugh he'll have, eh!" old Bill prophesied. "Now listen to me—all of yer. I'm goin' right down to the gymnasium. Cos why? Why, I've persuaded Lew Daniels, promoter at the Premier Arena, to give our Dave the once over.

"Lew's been listening to stories about Dave from the boys about here, and he's coming to see for himself. If Lew will only open his mouth wide enough——"

"Tell him not to trouble," Stella said. "Our Dave wants something more than money—he wants Romance!"

Young Charlie made a rude noise, and Mrs. Dickson promptly smacked his head. Old Bill left the bosom of his family in an optimistic frame of mind.

At the local gymnasium he found his elder son ready to take the ring, and when old Bill caught sight of the opposition he knew a crisis was at hand. Lew Daniels, debonair and smiling—known through the profession as the Handsome Hebrew—had brought with him a boy very near to the top of the British bantam-weight class. He approached the promoter diffidently.

"Look here, Mr. Daniels," old Bill began nervously, "I'm Bill Dickson. You've heard of me. Dave's my son, and ..."

"I'm not here to listen," Lew interrupted impatiently. "I'm here to see—to see if half the tales I've heard of this Bethnal Green kid are true. If my scouts are correct, I'll make your son's

(Continued on page 28)

"I want you to meet Dad"

(Last week she wouldn't have meant it!)

... and he could not have blamed her, because he just didn't look presentable in the old 'mac' he was wearing; but everybody's happy now that he has smartened himself up. Anne says he is a father to be proud of in his "C.M." Weathercoat.

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Waterproofs - - „ 10/6

Write for free Style Leaflet to Dept. 24, Chas. Macintosh & Co. Ltd., Bridport Rd., Edmonton, London, N.18.

CAN YOU EXPECT A MAN TO SEW?

Miss G. Bascombe

Could most handy-men *sew* if necessary? That was the little problem pondered recently by Miss G. Bascombe, 17, Collins Street, Avonmouth, Bristol. Yes, *most* of them could, she thought, whereas *all* handy-men could sew if needed.

That was how this young Crossworder reasoned out *sew* as most fitting Answer to the Clue. "*Most handy-men could do this if needed.*" By completing the rest of a JOHN BULL puzzle in the same common-sense way, Miss Bascombe won £175. Turn to page 36 and, in this week's fine Offer, *you* can win a Life Pension, big cheque and Free Holiday.

Overheard in the typist's room

ENID: "but I knew by his look that something was wrong."
JOAN: "all the time I knew my nose was shiny."
PEGGY: "thank goodness I don't have to carry a compact any more."

Men hate waiting while a girl 'makes up'. But they hate a shiny nose still more. The solution? Snowfire Powder-Cream! Put on in a few seconds it lasts for hours. This fragrant powder-cream cannot clog the tiniest pores. It gives your skin an enchanting bloom that neither warmth nor wind can spoil. In Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle, Ivory and Suntan shades.

Snowfire

POWDER-CREAM

'Snowfire sets hearts afire'

Handbag Containers 3D *Jars or Tubes* 6D

★ HAVE YOU TRIED THIS SIMPLE **EXERCISE?**

–it makes your SMILE IRRESISTIBLE

EVERY MORNING AND NIGHT

Take your Halex toothbrush, with some good dentifrice on it. Begin to brush your teeth—not to and fro, but round and round so that the springy Halex bristles get into every crevice.
Now brush the insides of your teeth. Decay could start just as easily here! With the well-designed Halex brush you can reach the remotest corners.
Brush your gums, too. The springy bristles of a Halex toothbrush give them gentle massage, stimulating the brisk circulation that keeps them firm and healthy.
That's it! Now doesn't your mouth feel invigorated? Everyone finds it's a wonderful exercise for brightening smiles.

It's nice to know that you look charming when you smile. You'll always be sure of that charm if you do the Halexercise twice a day. You must do it with a Halex toothbrush, because to reach every tiny crevice you need the springy Halex bristle. Your Halex will make all the hidden danger spots clean and safe; the springy bristle massages the gums into tingling health and keeps all your teeth polished as pearls. Two minutes Halexercise twice a day is the beauty treatment for your smile! Buy a Halex toothbrush and start tonight!

Nine shapes, from 6d. to 2/-. Made in England by Halex Limited, Hale End, London, E.4.

1
The Halex short-head, one of the three best shilling brushes.
1
The Halex brush that has a tuft at the end.
1
The Halex brush with a long head.

It's called **HALEXERCISE**

–DO IT WITH A **HALEX** TOOTHBRUSH

The brush with SPRINGY bristles

It's not only active people who get 'B.O.'

A picture of repose. Absorbed in the fascinating intricacies of fine needlework. Yet, still though she is, she is perspiring. She must, because it is essential to life. Medical authorities tell us that everyone perspires—the average person about 1½ pints daily.

Not all the perspiration evaporates as it reaches the skin surface. What remains in the pores soon becomes stale, causing Body-Odour. So it is vitally important to keep the skin pores regularly and thoroughly cleansed.

Lifebuoy Toilet Soap is made specially to prevent Body-Odour. Its lather, with the antiseptic health element, penetrates deep into the pores—removes all waste deposits—washes away the *cause* of 'B.O.'

Don't risk Body-Odour. Use Lifebuoy Toilet Soap regularly for the protection it gives.

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

LBT 418-383-65

About 1½ pints of perspiration

are expelled from the system of the average person daily. This fact is vouched for by medical authorities. They tell us that this perspiration does not evaporate entirely, a residue is always left—some of it in the pores—becoming stale, with a noticeable odour in 24 hours. This stale perspiration makes Body-Odour certain. Yet 'B.O.' is so easy to prevent if you make a habit of a daily bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP *prevents* **"B.O."** *(body-odour)*

Bethnal Green Bantam

(Continued from page 26)

fortune in two years! Now leave me alone, and let's see him fight."

Old Bill held his breath as the bell went, and Dave left his stool to face one of the most dangerous bantams in the country. A flickering left, reaching for distance and contemptuous of an amateur opponent, brushed Dave's nose, and a following right across to the jaw was blocked by a seeming miracle.

In that split second Dave realised the skill of the other man, and stood away. The next moment the professional came at his man with both hands at work, and Dave fought on the retreat with a skill and artistry which is Nature's own gift.

It was a whirlwind contest, with the professional obeying orders to put his opponent out in the quickest possible time.

Never had the watchers seen Dave Dickson fight like this before—fight on the retreat, using a raking left hand, and a head that was never still as it twisted, ducked, jerked out of distance.

When the end of the first round was signalled the professional was bleeding profusely. Dave Dickson was unmarked, flushed, breathing easily.

Lew Daniels walked round to the professional's corner. "Pull yourself together, Arthur!" he urged crisply. "I want that kid down and out in the next round. Get busy!"

Arthur came out of his corner in one swift rush as the bell went for the second round, pushed a waving left hand forward—changed feet like lightning and swung his right upward to the jaw.

Dave side-stepped like a dancing master, clipped his man smartly as he went by—turned in one quick movement.

Arthur checked, turned, swung low to miss the left he saw travelling from the corner of his eye—and took a smashing right-hand punch full to the solar plexus.

As they were counting Arthur out Lew Daniels climbed smartly into the ring and made for Dave Dickson's corner.

Lew talked fast and confidently. "I'm giving you, an unknown, the chance of a lifetime. Phil Farrel, the southern area bantam champion, is due to fight an eliminator for the title in three days' time at the Premier Arena.

"His opponent has broken a finger and can't fight. I'll promise you a hundred quid if you'll fight Farrel—and five hundred if you happen to win. What about it?"

To Lew's amazement the kid from Bethnal Green appeared to hesitate. Dave was not even looking at the promoter. His gaze was directed just below the ropes, where his father was standing with an appeal in his eyes that was almost pathetic.

OLD Bill's lips were moving as though he breathed a prayer. There was a queer suggestion of pride about the old man, too.

Something Dave dimly understood as paternal pride.

"I'll sign your contract," he told Lew Daniels reluctantly.

Old Bill Dickson talked proudly to a few neighbours in Slade Street that night, while in a room upstairs the subject of his conversation climbed slowly into bed.

Hardly was Dave's head on the pillow than his bedroom door opened to reveal Stella—Stella in tears! In a moment his arms were about her shoulders in a protective embrace, and unfamiliar words of comfort were on his lips.

"Oh, Dave!"

"Tell me what's the matter? Who is it? Who did it? Tell me, Stella."

And Stella told of an unfaithful lover between her sobs, with a technique acquired after a long and continued patronage of the local cinema.

"What's his name?" Dave demanded grimly. "Tell me where to find this bloke, and I'll——"

"No, no! You've enough on your hands now, Dave. Never mind about his name. He—he's about your size and weight, with lovely dark curly hair—and a little fat cauliflower ear I always loved to twist. I never dreamed he'd run out on me like he has done."

"I'LL bash him as flat as a frying-pan!" Dave growled. "Tell me where he hangs out, Stella?"

But all his wrathful persuasion could not drag her faithless lover's name from Stella, and she left him at last—still in tears, and with a firm promise.

"If ever I see him when we are together, Dave, you can oblige me by busting him wide open!"

In the excitement and intensive training of the next few days, however, Dave Dickson forgot that faithless lover, the family traditions—forgot everything save the difficult task ahead of him.

Phil Farrel was the coming bantam champion in the opinion of most fight fans, and it was sheer lunacy to expect an amateur—good as Dave Dickson was—to stand a chance with him.

That was the prevailing opinion in the Premier Arena on the night of the fight, as the odds of two to one on Farrel indicated.

The mad roaring of the crowd, the intensive floodlighting and the excitement of it all affected Dave's sensitive nature. He had always hated crowds, the knowledge that everybody was staring at him. The sight of his father, Stella, and young Charlie waving to him from ringside seats left the hope of Bethnal Green cold.

So listless was he that Dave took the hiding of his life in the first round. All his speed, timing, accuracy, enthusiasm for the game evaporated.

"You'll have to do a lot better than this, Dickson!" Lew Daniels warned sharply.

The second round proved no better for the Bethnal Green bantam, and the crowd were betting on a knockout in the third.

DAVE gazed across at the dark-haired, muscular fighting-machine that was his opponent, and the heart went out of him. He was never intended for a prize-ring.

Dave's head was singing like a kettle when he first noticed the whispering at his elbow. He turned painfully to behold Stella standing just below the ropes, and bent down to hear her message. . . .

"That's 'im, Dave! Don't you understand? It's the bloke who's done me wrong. Get going—for my sake, Dave. . . ." Stella's voice died away as the bell went.

Farrel came at his man with a quick rush, and grunted as a stiff left lead to the head stopped him.

He tried again, forcing his man on to the ropes, only to find him slippery as an eel.

THERE was still plenty of life in the kid! A fast left-hand punch caught him between the eyes, and the right hand that crossed him to the jaw knocked the professional clean off his feet.

Phil took the count to "eight" and then came up from the floor like a tiger.

His quick punches found nothing but air, and the trip-hammer clout to the solar plexus which stretched him unconscious to the canvas he never even saw.

Dave Dickson was hardly conscious that he was sitting in his corner until Stella placed her arms about his torn shoulders.

"Good boy, Dave!" she cried. "Oh, good boy! You're a champion right enough."

"I slugged him for you, Stella," he gasped. "What are you going to do about . . . ?"

"Him!" Stella laughed shortly. "I wouldn't touch the tyke with a barge-pole, Dave. Never mind him. Think of what Bethnal Green will say about us all—the fighting Dicksons!"

The Human Machine

No Excuses Accepted!

THERE are few more potent trouble-makers than bursts of ill-directed and uncontrolled emotion. To be able to harness our emotional power is every bit as important as to be able to direct our mental power. In many ways it is more important.

But in any case mental and emotional force must be trained to work in harmony and with a nice balance. Neither is a good tool without the other.

Let's come down to cases. It is just as futile to be over-optimistic as to be unduly pessimistic. It is no more useful to be over-enthusiastic than to be chillingly indifferent. To be sporadically cheerful and jolly is no more bearable than to be sporadically sour and cross.

But of all the examples of ill-balanced and undisciplined emotions, bad temper is the worst and the most devastating in its effects. It is the world's champion gloom creator.

Do you recall the Parable of the Prodigal Son? Do you remember how, when he had returned, the fatted calf had been killed, the feast spread, and the guests assembled, the Elder Son then proceeded to throw a spanner into the works?

"He was wroth and would not come in."

That's one way of putting it—but what he really was, was an impertinent, arrogant, undisciplined trouble-maker. What right had he to be "wroth"?

For that's the worst of undisciplined emotions — you can't "enjoy" them in solitude. You've got to display them in public, or you can't get any satisfaction out of them.

For instance, unless you make those around you ill-tempered and miserable, there's really no point in you being that way, is there?

It doesn't sound nice put that way—but that's the only way you can put it, unless you enjoy self-deception.

IF YOU'VE A BABY.....GIVE

him a really good start and a healthy childhood with Steedman's Powders

Wise mothers appreciate the importance of regularity during teething time; appreciate, too, that it must be gentle regularity safely free from purging and habit forming effects. That is why wise mothers always have Steedman's Powders in the house.

Right from teething time to fourteen years Steedman's are the perfect aperient, gently keeping little systems functioning, banishing feverishness and cooling the blood stream.

Sold everywhere at 1½d. each. Ask for Steedman's Powders and look for the double EE. And if you would like a concise guide for the treatment of children's ailments, send a P.C. for our "Hints to Mothers" booklet post free from John Steedman & Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

STOMACH PAINS

ARE DANGER SIGNALS

When your digestive organs are out of order, the simplest food often causes distress. Heartburn, acidity, flatulence torment you; worse still, your food doesn't nourish you and so you become an easy prey to illness. It stands to reason you cannot be strong and healthy unless your digestive organs—stomach, liver and bowels—are working properly.

Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup combines in concentrated form the medicinal virtues of more than ten different herbs, roots and barks which experience has shown have the power of restoring tone, efficiency and regularity to the digestive organs as no single drug or combination of drugs can do. The action of Mother Seigels is gentle, not drastic; it builds up, little by little, day by day, Nature's way, the only true way. All chemists have it at 1/3 and 3/-.

Meet Mrs. Fluke

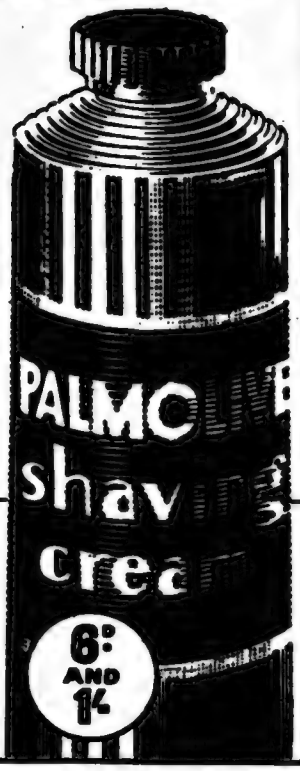
SHE'S homely and human with a heart of gold and a keen eye for the odd coppers on her boarders' laundry bills. A typical landlady, she may be a little talkative, a little strict with tradesmen and the inmates of No. 9, Orsetto Road, Fulham. But they all trust Mrs. Fluke. And they do not mind when she mothers them or takes a kindly hand in their affairs.

Her creator, B. L. Jacot, the well-known short story writer, has recorded her adventures specially for JOHN BULL. Next week, as the first of a series, he will tell how she saved young Mr. Fellows from a hopeless infatuation for the girl in the second floor back.

SHE HATES A SHADY UPPER LIP ...

She likes a man SMOOTH from the

OLIVE OIL SHAVE



So shave clean, sir. Shave with a cream that's smooth and kindly to the most tender skins. Make it Palmolive. The olive and palm oils that go to its making mean extra lather, extra efficiency, extra-fine after-effects. Start on the olive oil shave to-morrow morning!

5 reasons why Palmolive is the most popular shaving cream

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

PAIN . . . LIKE A RED HOT POKER!

IT'S YOUR Radial Nerves

The Radial Nerve is the most important nerve in your arm. It runs the whole way down the limb and is associated with the agonizing pains of neuritis.

AREA OF PAIN

The agony is felt particularly in the forearm, on the inner side, but it also occurs, quite often, above the elbow.

WHY SUFFER?

PERMANENT RELIEF IS AT HAND

That wearing, agonizing pain, which even keeps you awake at night, with arm hanging outside the bedclothes to get temporary ease, is a sign that not only your radial nerve but the whole of your nervous system is weak and debilitated. You will never get permanent relief unless you take scientific treatment—Dr. Cassells Tablets for the Nerves. Then, slowly but surely, you will get better. Gradually the pain fades away. That is because Dr. Cassells wonderful formula has strengthened and restored to health your debilitated nervous system—the real cause of your trouble. Start taking a course to-day and obtain the lasting benefit that thousands of other sufferers have secured.

DR. CASSELLS WONDERFUL FORMULA

Dr. Cassells Tablets for the Nerves are not a secret remedy but a wonderful formula which contains no less than seventeen special ingredients in scientific combination. Each plays its part in restoring the weak nerves to a healthy state.

SACCHAROMYCES CEREVISAE provides the special vitamins which affect the nerves—the so called anti-neurotic vitamins.

KOLA SᵘMINA is a wonderful nerve stimulant with a special influence on the cranial or head nerves. It also prevents any harm coming to the heart. This is a special feature. Dr. Cassells formula helps and strengthens the heart.

PHOSPHATES—both organic and inorganic—are added because medical research has proved that they are invaluable as nerve restoratives and nerve nutrients.

CALCIUM — IRON — MANGANESE provide the essential mineral constituents of this wonderful formula and correct any impoverishment of the blood which often occurs in cases of nerve weakness.

PEPSIN is a powerful digestive. In all cases of nervous dyspepsia and gastric weakness, present as the result of debilitated nerves, this special ingredient is of inestimable value.

SODIUM PHENOL—p—SULPHONATE neutralizes poisons which paralyse the nerves It prevents the nerves becoming poisoned.

DR. CASSELLS Brand TABLETS

1/3, 3/- & 5/- Trial Size 6d.

SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT FOR DEBILITATED NERVES

A SECRET PROCESS MAKES The NEW STEAD BLADE IN THE WEEKLY WALLET

STILL 7 for 6D.

KEENER—LASTS LONGER

BUY YOUR HOUSE THROUGH THE PRUDENTIAL

EVERY reader of "John Bull" interested in buying a house should not fail to get full details of the Prudential plan, which provides a combination of life assurance and for the advance up to 80 per cent. of the value of the house. You will not have to pay rent and your premium payments can be spread over 15 or 20 years. In the event of your death, the house would be free from mortgage.

—fill in the Coupon at once on p. 25 for full particulars.

THE ACID IN YOUR STOMACH WOULD BURN A HOLE IN A CARPET

(From actual photo)

To get relief from indigestion you must take the burning fire out of excess stomach acid. In recent tests, this kind of acid burned a hole right through a carpet. These tests also proved that RENNIE tablets can make burning excess stomach acid as mild as milk. RENNIES can do this because they reach your stomach *full-strength*. They are not diluted with water. They flow down in natural saliva. At once, the 15 scientifically blended ingredients start to work. Some neutralize excess acid. Pancreatin helps to digest food. Bismuth and Kaolin protect delicate stomach lining.

With *excess acid* made as mild as milk, pain stops. You can eat anything. Simply take 2 or 3 RENNIES after meals. Separately wrapped, you carry them loose in pocket or handbag—no fussing with glasses of water. Every chemist sells Digestif RENNIE Brand Tablets. Large trial size, only 6d. Four times the quantity 1/3.

DIGESTIF RENNIES NO WATER NEEDED

MAKE EXCESS STOMACH ACID MILD AS MILK

WEBLEY AIR PISTOLS

Marvellously accurate for target practice.
No license required to purchase.
Senior 45/-, Mark 1 32/6.
Junior 21/-, Webley Air Rifle 95/-
Write for List. WEBLEY & SCOTT LTD., 222 WEAMAN STREET, BIRMINGHAM, ENG.

STOP RHEUMATISM with URACE

FREE SAMPLES! From Bayley & Phillips, Ltd., Sun Buildings, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 & 3/-

Half-Caste's Revenge

"We pulled across the shimmering tropical sea towards the schooner, and I must say she looked a pretty sight"

SHE was a lovely vessel, a big three-masted schooner flying the Dutch flag.

But we were not steaming off the West Coast of Africa for pleasure.

It was the last year of the war, and our armed merchant ship was on the look-out for traders helping the enemy.

So we overhauled her and, by signal, asked her name, port of registry, destination and cargo.

She replied promptly, saying she belonged to Rotterdam, and was carrying a cargo of copra and rubber.

The answers were satisfactory, but she was so far out of her proper course that our commander, a naval officer who knew his job, was suspicious. He ordered her to heave to while he sent out a boarding party.

Much to my delight—I was a junior officer at the time—he put me in charge.

"Examine her ship's papers carefully, Holmes," he said, "and open up a selection of the cargo.

"Enemy submarines in the Atlantic are getting spare parts and supplies. This Dutchman may be innocent enough, but we'll make sure."

"Yes, sir," I replied, saluting.

We pulled across the shimmering tropical sea towards the schooner, and I must say she looked a pretty sight, painted white, with her yards backed, glistening in the sunshine.

Getting alongside I clambered aboard, taking two of my boat's crew as escort. Her captain stood at the gangway to meet me.

A portly Dutchman, he received me with cordiality. Indeed, he seemed almost to welcome me. I wasn't used to that kind of reception.

Inviting me down to his own cabin, off the saloon, he insisted on producing the inevitable stone bottle of De Kuyper's gin with bitters, as well as a box of excellent cigars.

He appeared rather hurt when I refused his hospitality. I thanked him and told him we might take a drink together when our visit of inspection was over.

"Ach! Lieutenant," he said in good English. "As you please. You shall inspect all—everything. We Dutch are on your side. If the Germans win we know what will happen to Holland. They're ruthless bullies and nothing on God's earth will make them different. I know them only too well!"

Almost breathlessly he described his great admiration for the British and his utter hatred of everything German. He spat with indignation, then asked casually if we had sighted any German submarines off the African coast.

"That would be telling," I replied guardedly, "but what are you doing so far off your proper course?"

His explanation was plausible. He had encountered terrible weather, had seemed to run right into the heart of typhoons, all his canvas had been stripped from his masts. He called my attention to his new set of sails.

Also his auxiliary engine had broken down and perhaps our engineers could give him assistance—but, of course, he would not wish to delay us.

"So you see, Lieutenant, in the dead calms after the typhoon had blown himself out, I had drifted," he said, throwing out his fat hands: "That is the story."

He certainly looked distressed as he recalled the length of the voyage and the mishaps to his lovely ship.

YET something about him did not ring true. His log book seemed to confirm all he had said, and the manifest showed bags of copra, kernels and cases of rubber.

We proceeded to the examination. The schooner carried three mates instead of the two one would expect on a ship of her size. The first and second mates were typical Dutch seafaring men, big, blonde and blue-eyed.

The third was a half-caste. It was obvious to anyone who knew the East as I did. He looked white enough, but there was the tell-tale sign in the higher colouring of the features to denote the offspring of a Dutch father and a native mother.

I ordered the hatch covers off, whipped up a selection of bags and had them cut open. They were all correct and according to the manifest.

Apparently the schooner was carrying her proper cargo and I was about to follow the captain back to his cabin when I noticed the half-caste third mate. He was hovering about and looked at me with a queer significance.

Behind the captain's back he dropped a piece of paper which fluttered to the deck.

The other two mates were on the opposite side of the hatch and they saw nothing.

I stooped quickly and retrieved the slip of paper. On it was written, *"Submarine parts under bottom boards."*

What was I to do? To remove all the cargo was a big job. The best thing was to report to my captain and to say nothing for the moment.

The Dutch skipper was in high spirits and we drank to the health of the British Navy in grand style. I shook hands and merely told him not to get under way until we signalled.

He was not nearly so pleased when I returned with an armed guard and told him instructions were for him to proceed to Sierra Leone.

His admiration and affection for the British underwent a swift change. He said we were no better than pirates.

Two of our men soon repaired the auxiliary engine. It had been damaged purposely to help to account for the schooner's position and to back up the rest of the yarn.

It was no surprise to find, when we got into port, that the Dutchman carried sufficient spare parts to equip several submarines.

We found, too, that the schooner had been acting as a supply ship for the submarines in African waters. She and her cargo were confiscated and the captain and the two mates imprisoned.

The half-caste had vanished. He disappeared in the night just before we made port. No one knew anything about it, except that the second officer said he had threatened to commit suicide. Nothing could be proved, but we naturally had our suspicions.

The end of the story came only last year.

I was in a bar in London when a man stared at me whose face was vaguely familiar. He was a blonde Dutchman, a seafaring man. He grinned at me.

"REMEMBER me?" he asked, and recalled the war incident of the schooner. "I was second officer," he explained.

I remembered him perfectly.

"You said the third mate committed suicide," I said. "And did he?"

"Suicide was a nicer word for it," he replied. "In fact, he was knifed—and I did it. I bear you no grudge, but that double-crossing swine deserved what he got. He gave us away—he owned up to it."

"Why did he?" I asked. "Was he swindled out of his share of the German money?"

"No, sir; he was a half-caste and tried to think himself our equal. An arrogant swine. We had a row and the skipper told him just what we thought of him. We added a bit, too."

"Was that all?"

"It was quite enough. You can never overcome the yellow streak in these mongrels. He said he would make us pay. He betrayed us—and he got the knife."

"Well," I said, "you sold yourselves for German gold, didn't you, and he sold you!"

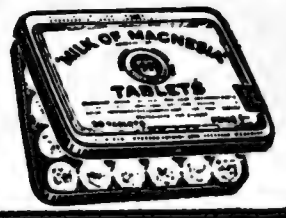
"Yes," he agreed, laughing. "We were quits—and in the game the British Navy came out top—as they always do in the end! Let's shake on it!"

Reader's Story by
F. G. Holmes, 217, Crow Road, Glasgow, W.1.

Earn £5 5s. by letting us publish your real-life adventure, preferably one that happened in Britain. Length should not exceed 1,200 words and a stamped addressed envelope must be sent.

END THAT mealtime misery

Do you find you cannot eat a thing without getting filled with flatulence and twisted up with pain? That is because acid turns your food into a sour, tough mass. Your harassed stomach has to struggle with every mouthful. Take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets and you'll have no more mealtime misery. These Tablets relieve acidity at once. They sweeten and soothe the stomach. They keep food digestible. So the stomach has an easy job. No sour repeating, not a trace of wind, not a twinge of pain. Your indigestion has vanished. And it can't torture you again if you take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They never fail. Prove it with your next meal. Take the Tablets and save yourself another attack. Buy a tin now! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.



MILK OF MAGNESIA BRAND TABLETS

NEW HANDY TIN 6D.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

They Found Their Friends in Need

IT stood in one of the prettiest spots on the south coast, a seaside bungalow of which you would have been proud.

Cosily furnished and well-fitted, it was the sort of seaside haven that many sigh for.

And now it is ashes. . . .

What happened one can only suppose.

Experts believe that the woodwork was too near the brickwork of the chimney. A roaring fire one cold night made the bricks too hot.

* * * *

The woodwork first smouldered and then burst into flames.

Despite the efforts of the crews of a tender and two pumps that picturesque seaside bungalow was quickly destroyed—its furniture and fittings as well, with the exception of a few pieces that could be dragged to safety during the frenzy of fire-fighting.

Now JOHN BULL has received a letter from the former occupants—a letter alive with gratitude.

* * *

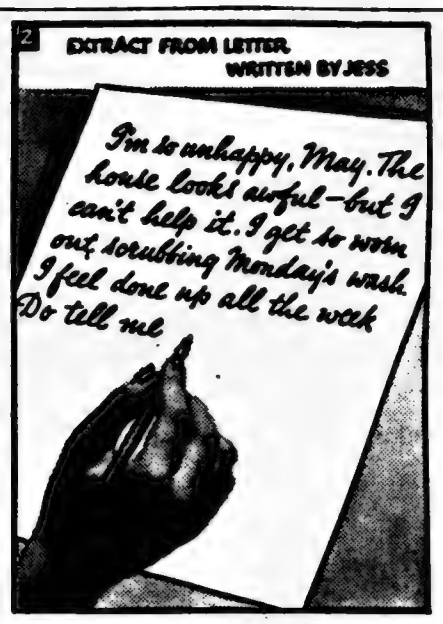
"It is at such times that one finds one's real friends," it says: a reference to the fact that we had paid for the damage to their household belongings.

We paid because the head of that household had qualified for the wide protection of our unique free family insurance gift at no cost whatsoever to himself—by the simple act of signing a coupon such as you can turn to now on page 2.

Turn to that coupon now. You never know what is round the corner.

MARRIAGE in a MUDDLE

1
WHAT'S COME OVER YOU, JESS? THE HOUSE IS ONE BIG MUDDLE THESE DAYS. I'D BE ASHAMED FOR THE BROWNS TO SEE IT.
DON'T ASK THEM HERE, THEN. I'M TOO TIRED TO BOTHER WITH YOUR SMART FRIENDS.


2
EXTRACT FROM LETTER WRITTEN BY JESS
I'm so unhappy, May. The house looks awful—but I can't help it. I get so worn out scrubbing Monday's wash. I feel done up all the week
Do tell me

3
2 DAYS LATER
IT'S FROM MAY. SHE SAYS: "NO ONE HAS TO RUB AND SCRUB CLOTHES NOWADAYS. AM SENDING YOU SOME RINSO. FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS AND YOUR WASH WILL BE BRILLIANT WITHOUT ANY HARD RUBBING." WELL, I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT.
BETTER TRY IT, ANYWAY.

4
NEXT MONDAY
WHY, MAY WAS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! 2 MINUTES' BOILING HAS MADE MY WHITES BRILLIANT, AND THE COLOUREDS ARE LOVELY WITH JUST 12 MINUTES' SOAKING. RINSO'S SAVED ME HOURS OF HARD WORK, AND 30 MINUTES' FUEL, TOO! RINSO FOR ME FROM NOW ON!

5
2 WEEKS LATER
DARLING, YOUR REPUTATION AS A HOSTESS IS MADE! YOU OUGHT TO HEAR THE NICE THINGS THE BROWNS HAVE BEEN SAYING ABOUT YOU!
ALL I CARE ABOUT IS THAT WE'RE HAPPY AGAIN. LIFE'S GRAND THESE DAYS! THANKS TO RINSO!

NO MORE BACKACHE ON WASHDAY!

Speedy new methods make clothes brilliant without hard work

WITH the wonderful scientific Rinso methods, it's no longer necessary to soak clothes for hours, to rub and scrub them, or to boil them for a long time!

Rinso makes everything *brilliant* with just a 2-minute boil for whites and a 12-minute soak for coloureds, and *no* hard rubbing!

Just give whites the Rinso 2-minute boil! Don't scrub them. Damp any extra-dirty places and smooth in a little dry Rinso. Then boil them with Rinso for 2 minutes. They will be *white as snow!* And you'll save as much as 30 minutes' fuel.

Give coloureds the Rinso 12-minute soak in a sinkful of hand-hot Rinso suds. They'll be beautiful!

Woollens and fine things need only a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds.

Let Rinso transform washday for *you* as it has for thousands of women! Rinso costs only 3½d., 6d. or 1/- a packet.

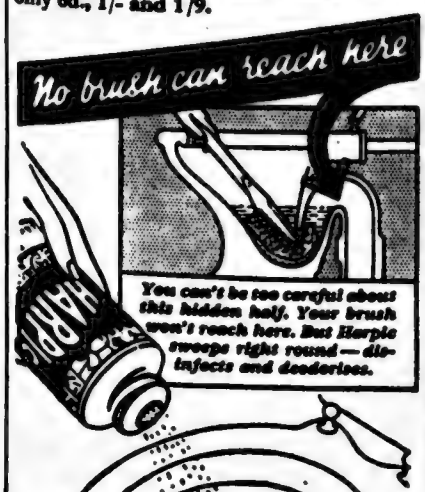
RINSO

R2754-663-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited.*

IS ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY CLEAN?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

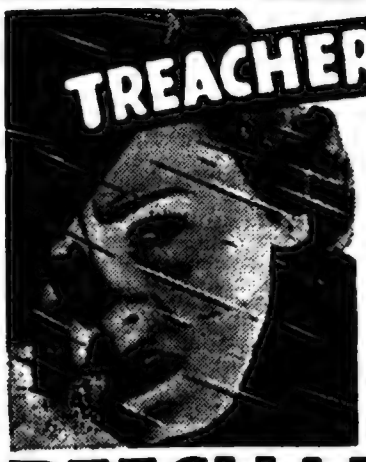
In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.


No brush can reach here
You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round — disinfects and deodorises.

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO., LTD., HULL AND LONDON



TREACHEROUS WEATHER FOR COLDS, CHILLS PAINS

This is treacherous weather! Sudden Chills and swiftly-striking Pains play havoc with your health! If you are a victim of a Cold, Chill, Rheumatic, Sciatic or Lumbago attack — be warned! At the first sign of any of these troubles GET RELIEF FOR 2d! Get *Beechams Powders*—the remedy which ACTS LIKE MAGIC! *Beechams Powders* cost only 2d each but the relief they bring is worth MORE THAN GOLD!

STOP THEM FOR 2d

BEECHAMS POWDERS

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

Proved Remedy for PILES

Why Endure Pain & Suffering?

Why put up with piles and the constant pain, itching, swelling and that miserable dragging sensation? You should use Zam-Buk, which has earned the gratitude of thousands of piles sufferers for the wonderful relief it has brought.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain and smarting, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing serious complications arising. Use Zam-Buk regularly and you'll soon be on the road to recovery. 1/3 and 3/- a box.

Zam-Buk Brand

The Famous Herbal Ointment

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

For INWARD PILES

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3 -.

STOP THAT COUGH

Persistent coughs are danger warnings; don't neglect them. Take YADIL! This famous garlic remedy brings quick relief and will protect you from the germs which settle in throat or lungs. YADIL is a safe internal antiseptic, containing the essential oil of garlic, which is taken like ordinary medicine. It has a long record of success in cases of Coughs, Colds and Lung Complaints for YADIL is a remarkably effective internal germ killer. Get YADIL to-day and get rid of that cough.

YADIL

Safe INTERNAL Antiseptic

LIQUID OR TABLETS

1/3 and larger from chemists or direct (post free, from YADIL (1935), Ltd., Dept. J.B., Springfield, Clayton, London, E.5

FREE—Write to-day for your copy of the NEW edition of the popular YADIL HEALTH BOOK, sent post free from:

A GRAND TONIC

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, owing to its great richness in Vitamin B, restores Vitality, strengthens the Nerves, conquers Indigestion, and TONES UP THE ENTIRE SYSTEM.

All Chemists 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Vest-Pocket Size - 6d.

Contains NO DRUG

Phillips TONIC YEAST

Rich in VITAMIN B

Pools Parliament

This is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know abont your winter hobby. If you have a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to "Poolex," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Summer can bring winter wins, so—

NOW TEST YOUR SYSTEM

END of April means the end of the football pools for another season.

There will be some games on the first Saturday in May, but it will be a very reduced programme.

On that day; of the millions of punters who started the season with high hopes, some will be able to look back on their efforts with pride, and take pleasure in the comfortable profit they have made on the season's working.

But many others will inevitably finish the season on the debit side.

Whichever way things have panned out this year, the vast majority of us will be just as keen to start again next August, with just as high hopes as before.

For the punter who looks on the pools in the right light—as a pleasurable hobby with the prospect of profit—the summer break is a useful time to prepare plans for next season.

In my early days as a pool punter I found it very hard to decide what records I ought to keep for use in my summer investigations.

No doubt many others have this difficulty, and there is a tendency to surround one's self with masses of newspaper cuttings and other records, which inevitably get lost just before they are wanted.

It is a good plan to tidy up all your records now and put them by, so that, when you feel like spending an hour or two on your hobby, the things you want are ready to hand.

I think that the most important things to keep are your copy coupons. One of the most frequent enquiries I receive is for the past results of penny pool matches.

Before next season starts, this year's results, in 1-x-2 form, for all the popular penny pools will be published in the various football annuals which begin to appear about July.

With your coupons available, you can readily relate these results to the actual matches, so that whatever sort of investigation you want to make, you have the information available.

If you feel an urge to start some sort of investigation now, you could get the penny pool results from the tables I have published in *Sporting Life Weekly*.

The issues dated November 26, January 14, March 4, and the current issue cover the whole season to date. The back numbers could be obtained through your newsagent.

The other thing which I think most pool fans will want to have available is a record of all the results of this season's games.

MANY of you will probably have kept the records in the form of newspaper cuttings. If you have, paste them into a scrap-book now, and they will form a handy record, which can easily be referred to, and will also give you the sequences of results, if you want to work out any systems based on sequences.

If you have not kept the records, you will have to defer your investigations until the publication of the football annuals, which will give you the whole of the results, although not the order in which the matches were played.

Another use for your copy coupons, probably the most important use for the serious investor, is as a record of what you have done during the past season.

Studying your actual efforts is the best way of finding out whether you have been on the right lines, even though you may not have had the bit of luck necessary to land a dividend.

One thing I recommend to all punters is to work out the average accuracy of their forecasts over a period. This is the quickest way of finding out faults in forecasting methods.

AS most punters will know, the average distribution of results in a large group of matches is roughly two homes to one draw and one away.

The actual figures, taken over a number of seasons, are 55 per cent. homes, 23 per cent. draws and 22 per cent. aways.

If you find that your forecasting method does not produce anything better than these averages, then obviously the method is no better than sheer chance, and it is up to you to find a better way of forecasting if you want to improve your efforts next season.

I hope that all those punters who try to forecast "by numbers" or similar method of glorified guesswork, will apply this simple test to their method.

I think it will convince them, if I have not managed to do so already, that automatic methods of this sort only produce an average distribution of results, and consequently are not paying propositions.

The close season is a favourite time for working out new systems, and no doubt many of you will engage in this sport during the summer; so I am going to offer a few words of advice.

Working from past records, where the results are known, it is very easy to be misled. You can always find systems that *would* have won, but the test of a good system should be— "Is it based on sound ideas?"

By this I mean that it is no good saying "If I'd done so-and-so I should have won," unless, *before the matches were played*, you had a sound, common-sense reason for choosing "so-and-so" as your forecasts.

There is a real danger here of being misled, unless you are strictly honest with yourself.

The best way to avoid such wrong deductions is to use the records of one half of the season to help you in making up your system, and then test the system on the second half of the season.

FINALLY, here is one more suggestion. No doubt, at some time during the past season, you have wanted some particular information which you could have had if you had remembered in time.

Don't be caught again. Make up your mind during the summer what records you are going to keep for next season, and spend a little time working out the easiest way of keeping them.

A penny note-book or two, ruled up and kept ready for next season, is all that is necessary to give you the records you want.

Remember that records have to be kept up to date to be any good, so don't be too ambitious in your ideas.

Pool fans who invest in small amounts should watch the *Sporting Life Weekly* every Saturday for special penny entries designed by "Poolex." This is one of the many useful features included in the *Weekly's* comprehensive pools service.

Get to know the Countryside

BRITAIN has 6,000 miles of seaboard encircling more beauty, more history than any other coastline in the world.

Do you *know* your own country, its scenic beauties, its birds and beasts, its ancient villages and inns, its history and its legends? Every outing this summer can be made more enjoyable by that knowledge.

That is why JOHN BULL offers every reader this week a splendid new Presentation, "The Countryside Companion," an entirely new book which reveals every facet of rural Britain.

This is an enthralling story in over 500 pages illustrated with more than 500 beautiful photographs and diagrams.

Every aspect of life in Britain's countryside—a land still largely undiscovered—will be brought before you. Here is rural Britain in all its seasons, in all its moods, in all its beauty.

"The Countryside Companion" will bring the countryside into your home as no other book has ever done.

You cannot afford to be without this grand volume. It is offered to every reader of JOHN BULL at a special Presentation price which is but a fraction of its real value.

Turn at once to pages 4 and 5 and read more about this splendid work. Then reserve your copy without delay.

Graded Guide and Pools Chart

By "Poolex" (Copyright)

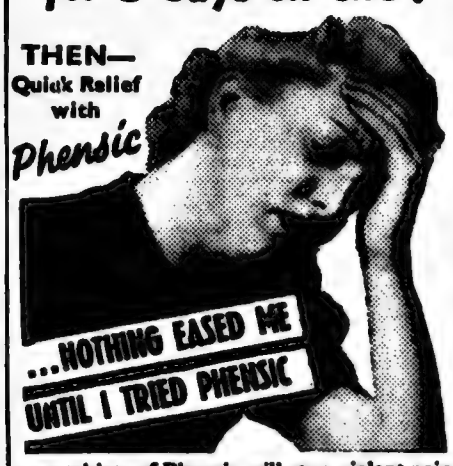
BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, April 22.

Likely home winners on form are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage on recent form. Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest form may be upset.

In pools where a choice is given, **avoid games marked *;** cover fully, if possible (1—X—2), in pools where each match has to be forecast.

April 22, 1939.	A	B	C
1 Ayr v. St. Mirren	1	x	
2 Bradford C. v. Carlisle	1	2	
3 Ipswich v. Clapton O.	1	x	
4 Liverpool v. Sunderland	1	x	
5 Coventry v. Tranmere	1	x	
6 Barrow v. Hartlepools	1	x	
7 Middlesbrough v. Derby	1	x	*
8 Halifax v. Wrexham	1	2	*
9 Bristol R. v. Northampton	1	x	*
10 Tottenham v. Bury	1	x	
11 Walsall v. Bristol C.	1	2	*
12 Chester v. Darlington	1	x	
13 Luton v. Millwall	1	x	
14 W.B.A. v. Bradford	1	x	
15 Hull v. Crewe	1	x	
16 Stockport v. Doncaster	1	2	*
17 Exeter v. Swindon	1	2	
18 Sheffield U. v. Fulham	1	2	
19 Barnsley v. Rochdale	1	x	
20 Rangers v. Hamilton	1	x	
21 Kilmarnock v. Queen's P.	1	x	
22 Southend v. Port Vale	1	2	
23 Leicester v. Grimsby	1	2	*
24 Bolton v. Wolves	1	2	
25 Lincoln v. Southport	1	2	
26 Bournemouth v. Aldershot	1	x	
27 Reading v. Newport	1	x	
28 Arbroath v. Partick	1	x	
29 Stoke v. Arsenal	1	x	
30 Newcastle v. Swansea	1	x	
31 Southampton v. West Ham	1	2	
32 Brighton v. Notts C.	1	2	
33 Accrington v. Rotherham	1	x	
34 Preston v. Huddersfield	1	x	
35 Celtic v. St. Johnstone	1	x	
36 Mansfield v. Crystal P.	1	2	
37 Albion R. v. Aberdeen	2	x	*
38 Third Lanark v. Hibernian	2	x	*
39 New Brighton v. Gateshead	2	1	*
40 Raith R. v. Queen of S.	2	x	*
41 Oldham v. York	2	1	*
42 Manchester U. v. Brentford	2	x	
43 Cardiff v. Torquay	2	1	
44 Burnley v. Sheffield W.	2	1	
45 Leeds v. Aston V.	2	x	*
46 Chelsea v. Portsmouth	2	1	*
47 Charlton v. Everton	2	x	*
48 Birmingham v. Blackpool	2	1	
49 Notts F. v. Chesterfield	2	x	*
50 Q.P.R. v. Watford	2	1	*
51 Plymouth v. Blackburn	2	1	
52 Norwich v. Manchester C.	2	x	

HEAD PAINS
for 3 days on end!
THEN—
Quick Relief with Phensic


2 tablets of Phensic will stop violent pain quickly, will bring sweet sleep when you feel nervy, will soothe away brain-fag, irritability, and dispel a cold or chill overnight. Phensic is so safe that doctors prescribe it for weak heart cases—yet Phensic is the most powerful of painkillers. Get some now: 3d., 6d., 1/3 3/- and 5/- everywhere.
Always Remember Phensic
HEADACHES
NERVE PAINS
RHEUMATISM
COLDS & 'FLU
Phensic
Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand
THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

LOST
3st. 7lbs.
Reduced Bust . . . 8 ins.
Reduced Hips . . . 6 ins.
Reduced Waist . . 9 ins.
Grateful lady says—
"I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12 st. to 8st. 7lbs. My measurements were:—Bust 42 ins., Hips 42 ins., and Waist 34 ins. Now my measurements are:—Bust 34 ins., Hips 36 ins., and Waist 25 ins., so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference."
SILF removes fat in Nature's way, puts right the cause of your body storing up that fat, stops the accumulation of fat and at the same time it removes all those warning health symptoms.
SILF is composed only of pure vegetable extracts, and every woman can take this safe remedy with the utmost confidence. Silf Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box (you save money by purchasing the larger size), or post free by sending the price to: THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 468), 38, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1.
No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

"Acts like Magic with SEPTIC WOUNDS"

LION Ointment acts in Nature's way. Brings inflammation OUT QUICKLY. Then forms a clean new healthy skin from underneath. Nurses recommend it for Boils, Carbuncles, Septic Wounds, Abscesses, Piles, Eczema, Chilblains, even Bad Legs.
Burgess' LION OINTMENT
From Chemists 1/3, 3/-, 5/-
1/3

For Inner Cleanliness must come first! So turn to Andrews Liver Salt for Inner Cleanliness.

Each sparkling glass cleanses the entire system. First Andrews cleans the mouth. Then it settles the stomach, corrects acidity and indigestion, and sweetens the breath. Next, Andrews tones up the liver, checks biliousness. And finally—to complete your Inner Cleanliness—Andrews gently yet thoroughly clears the bowels, sweeping away those body-heating impurities that thicken your figure and coarsen your skin. Only Andrews—the delicious Inner Cleanliness health drink—can do all this for you. Take it regularly. It gradually corrects constipation and the same dose always answers. Get a tin to-day. 4 ozs. 9d. 8 ozs. 1/4.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS
LIVER SALT

Buy a tin for yourself

(60c)

If it's **LEG TROUBLE**
You Must Have **'ELASTO.'**
Accept the generous Free Sample offer by filling in the Coupon on the Back Cover.

BAD THROAT
caused by Iron-starvation
IRON 'JELLOIDS' soon put it right!

"Dear Sirs—I had a bad throat for 3 years. It hurt me so to swallow, I saw a throat specialist twice. I had two courses of ——, but found no benefit. I had given up hope altogether of ever feeling well again. I went on to ——, and ——, but my throat was still so bad.

I thought I would try Iron 'Jelloids.' I was sure they would do me no good, but I got a tin. Well, after taking them my throat is really well. I really feel like a different woman, I find myself singing again."

(Mrs.)——

Are YOU Iron-starved?

Difficulty in swallowing, is one of the many symptoms of IRON-STARVATION (see below) which are only too often treated *without thought for the underlying cause.* Sometimes the bad throat is associated with an ulcerated mouth and sore tongue.

Nearly all women are liable to suffer from IRON-STARVATION. If every woman would take a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' now and then, *Iron-starvation and its troublesome symptoms* would be almost unknown.

Mrs. —— suffered for three years before she discovered that the cause of her trouble was IRON-STARVATION. *You* need delay no longer! Two or three large boxes of IRON 'JELLOIDS' will build up your Iron-strength, restore your health, make you look and feel like a new woman.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' do not blacken the teeth, and they *improve* the digestion. Of all chemists and stores. The 1/3 size lasts 10 days, the 3/- size 36 days—only a penny a day!

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2 For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine) For CHILDREN: No. 1

fortify you with
IRON-strength to overcome
Weakness—Exhausted Nerves—Lack of Energy—Liability to Colds—Breathlessness—Palpitation—Poor Appetite
Weak Digestion—Headaches—Pallor
Falling Hair—Pimples—Brittle Nails

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

COUPON for FREE BOOK
To The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., (Dept. J.76), Watford, Herts.
Please send me your new free booklet "IRON-STARVATION, The Thief of Health and Strength."
J.B. 22/4/39
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
Post unsealed under ½d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters.

IF YOU are a sufferer or have similar symptoms to these—
TAKE MOORLANDS AND KEEP FIT!

CHRONIC INDIGESTION AND HEARTBURN

SUFFERED FOR YEARS WITH INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN AND GASTRIC TROUBLES

"I suffered for years from Heartburn and indigestion until I took Moorlands and then got a speedy relief. I want you to know how grateful I am."
Mrs. L. A. H., Margate.

GASTRIC CATARRH
LOST HIS JOB, REFUSED FOOD AND SUFFERED TOO WITH HEARTBURN.
"I tried all known remedies without success. Then tried 'Moorlands' and can now eat, drink, and smoke as much as I wish without terrible pains."
F. M., East Malesey.

FLATULENCE—ACIDITY
TERRIBLE PAINS IN STOMACH AND PALPITATION.
"I have suffered terribly from indigestion and acid stomach, with pains round the heart. Six tablets gave me relief and taking a few more all pain vanished." *H. T., Grimsby.*

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva, with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry, and potatoes before they reach the stomach.

Unsolicited testimonials from men and women of all ages testify to the wonderful relief Moorland brand Indigestion Tablets give to sufferers from indigestion, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, and kindred troubles of the digestive organs

STOMACH PAINS
COULD NOT REMEMBER BEING FREE FROM PAIN.
"For as long as I remember I have suffered from my stomach. I had to get advice, but my chemist recommended 'Moorlands' and I gained wonderful relief. All stomach sufferers should take Moorlands and get the same welcome relief."
F. S., Brighton.

Take two MOORLAND Tablets any time and eat what you like and enjoy it.

Instant relief from
INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE, ACIDITY, HEARTBURN

MOORLAND
INDIGESTION TABLETS

FREE *Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin and Diet Chart to W. S. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawden, Leeds.*

Sells

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Revitalise your KIDNEYS
and you'll feel young—look young.

Nothing ages man or woman more than aches caused through bad kidney action. This makes you suffer from Getting up Nights, Burning, Itching Passages, Nerves, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Backache, Leg Pains, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite, Energy, etc., because kidneys which should filter blood fail to throw off acids and poisons, now creeping to joints and muscles. In 24 hours Cystex kills kidney germs, strengthens kidneys and expels acids and poisons. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors or any Chemist, 1/3, 3/- and 6/- on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex
For Kidneys & Rheumatism

If you're looking for good
FURNITURE BARGAINS,
Turn to page 23.

HOME lovers should make a point of getting copies of the Free Catalogues of Furnishing and other Bargains offered by Jays on p. 23. Details of Jay's 3-way protection is given in a booklet entitled "Tranquility." A free gift catalogue which provides details of lovely free gifts to customers of £10 or over is also well worth having; also a Piano Catalogue. Simply fill in and post the coupon or write, mentioning "John Bull," to the head office.

BY JULY 13th

BE A FIRST RATE 'SWING' PIANIST

Even if you have never played dance music before

How would you like to be able to "read off" dance tunes to order, with real verve and snap—to be able to play your own individual arrangement of any modern tune—to emulate the rhythm "kings" and "queens" of radio and gramophone fame? Twelve weeks hence you can be in that happy position—the envy and admiration of your family and friends—the life and soul of parties and festivities. If you are able to read (however slowly) an ordinary song copy of dance music, then in six genuine lessons the Jules Ruben System makes you as proficient as men and women who have been playing "rhythm" for years. No wonder experts well qualified to judge describe this amazing system as the most ingenious method of Postal Piano Tuition ever devised. Send now for Free 56-pp. Prospectus giving full details of the Jules Ruben System and quoting the opinions of people who have been amazed and delighted at the results obtained.

Address your inquiry to—

JULES RUBEN

MODERN RHYTHMIC PIANO PLAYING (Dept. JB.5),

4, Berkeley Street, London, W. 1.

Telephone: Mayfair 8952

Personal lessons arranged—details on request.

Rev. . . . M.A. [OXON]

Finds Germoloids Invaluable for

PILES

Dear Sirs, Why on earth don't you advertise GERMOLOIDS more? By pure accident I saw a box in a shop which I had never entered before, and I have found them invaluable—far superior to any other prescription for Haemorrhoids. Make them as well known as Germolene . . . Yours, Rev. . . . M.A. (Oxon).

Founded upon the wonderful healing principle of the World Famous Germolene Brand Ointment, specially adapted to the internal treatment and relief of PILES, GERMOLOIDS are freeing thousands from this painful and distressing affliction. GERMOLOIDS not only relieve pain, but end smarting and itching; reduce swelling; heal, strengthen and protect. Get GERMOLOIDS to-day and GET RELIEF TONIGHT!

Germoloids

From Chemists, 1/3 per box of 12

Make YOUR RACING Pay!

EVERY RACING MAN CAN HAVE THIS BOOK

256 PAGES (illustrated) FREE

"There is no end to the racing knowledge crammed into this book," says the "Sunday Referee."

COPES

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JB. 5/39

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Humanist's Page

This Week he tells you about :—

1. *A brave man robbed of peace of mind because he owed five shillings*
2. *A lonely woman neglected by her man friend, yet unwilling to endanger his job*
3. *A cruel joke which has left a wife terrified of doctors*

EVERYONE knows of people who worry about things before they happen, but one of my readers refuses to worry even when misfortunes do come. Here is his letter:

"Fourteen years ago, while I was working in a power station, a lump of chalk weighing about 6 lb. fell 40 ft., catching me a glancing blow on the head. The wound was stitched up, but the accident left me partly deaf.

"Now people look queerly at me when I ask them to repeat a question. It means: 'I wonder if he's quite right? Oh, well. Why worry?

"A few years later, while working for another contractor, I received two eyes full of lime and sand. Result: Several weeks out of work on half pay, then back to work with defective eyesight. I got no redress. But—why worry?

"Some time later, while cleaning out a room, I trod on a piece of steel tubing, stumbled, received a rupture. But again, why worry?

"In the meantime my wife got some furniture on the hire system. Payments were regular until I contracted rheumatic fever in 1934 and had six months in hospital with heart trouble. I was advised to go easy and *not to worry*. That advice I kept. But the sequel could not be dodged, as you will see.

"After three attempts at work, I failed to keep the pace, and developed more heart trouble. I now get a little disablement pay and public assistance support for my wife and three children. But why worry?

"This week I received a Court Order for several pounds to be paid at 5s. a month. A default means ten days' imprisonment. For me there is no alternative. I can't pay.

"Am I worried now? Would you worry? My mind keeps repeating: 'April 20, five shillings or ten days.' Well, ten days is not so long. But I should be grateful for your advice, because this problem threatens to do what accidents and illnesses failed to do."

AT last the man has run against something about which he is really worried. He reminds me of a horse which takes jump after jump and then shies at the last.

I cannot help him out of the difficulty for long, but the guinea he gets for this letter will probably help him now for three months more. By that time I hope he will have found a lighter job and be able to forget the prison threat that casts its shadow over him.

The letter has been quoted because it is unusual. The man has a philosophy which may be called fatalism, but it gives him the power to surmount difficulties without destroying his spirit.

Worry is one of the curses of mankind and womankind.

It is easy to say "Don't worry," and to prove that worry never helps anybody. Indeed, it undermines the strength to overcome difficulties. It is a positive hindrance. But the majority of people who worry cannot help themselves. They know it is ridiculous, but they go on worrying.

I am reminded of a well-known comedian whose house had been burgled. I expressed my sympathy with him, but he only laughed.

"My dear fellow," he said. "What's the point of worrying about a thing like that? If the things have gone, they have gone! I shall never worry about anything less than cancer. Have you got cancer?"

Cheerfully I assured him I had not.

"Very well, then. You have nothing to worry about. You lose all your money; your friends let you down; your enemy prosecutes you; you get a black eye or two. . . . What of it? You haven't got cancer! Nothing else need worry you at all."

This scrap of conversation may be helpful to readers who worry themselves blue over problems which are not so terribly serious after all.

IN any case, they don't face the prospect of prison for want of five shillings. At least, I hope not.

You cannot cease worrying by giving yourself orders to stop it; but you can cure yourself to a large extent by a little quiet stocktaking and an attempt to see things in their right proportions.

Still, I don't blame the writer of the following letter for worrying, even though it does not help:

"I work in private service with a staff of eight. A man with whom I was friendly for four years has now come to work here, and is going out with one of the younger girls. He tells me he is in love with her and wants to marry her.

"I know he has every right to please himself, but, oh dear, how hard it has been to adjust myself to the new state of affairs! At times I don't seem to mind, but at others I'm just too broken-hearted for words, and indulge in the stupid relief of a good cry.

"I am so lonely. I am wondering now if I should leave my situation. I am very happy in my work and have been here nearly ten years. My employer would want to know why I was leaving, and I could not tell him the truth as the man would get the sack.

"It would not be fair. Shall I stay on, hoping I may be able to forget, or shall I go, feeling that I've run away because I couldn't take my medicine? Please, Humanist, give me some advice and encouragement, as I'm so terribly upset."

I feel intensely sorry for the girl who wrote that letter. It is clear she is in love with that man (he ought to guess it), but it is clear also that he is not in love with her.

I am certain she would not wish to marry a man who did not care for her. Such a marriage would bring endless misery. It is better to suffer now for a short time than have a lifetime of disappointment.

That ought to bring a little consolation. But she is obviously a fine type of girl, and sooner or later the right man will find her. She will probably realise in the long run that everything happens for the best.

I don't say it always does; but I believe it will in this case, and I hope she will write to tell me so.

HERE is a letter from a woman of twenty-seven that raises a completely different problem:—

"I am married and have two children. When I don't feel well or have any pain I am afraid to go to the doctor. I am terrified that I might have to undergo an operation.

"This fear has been with me since I was a little girl of eight. I was in hospital with eye trouble, but did not need an operation. I was able to walk about, but I often used to wish I was in bed, as I was frightened of meeting the nurses in the corridor.

"These nurses used to get hold of me and put me on the operating-table. I screamed when I saw the knives and other instruments.

"When I tell people I am afraid of operations they laugh at me, but they haven't had my experience."

The nurses were joking with the girl, undoubtedly, but it was a cruel thing to do. I cannot imagine any nurses playing that sort of trick on a child to-day.

The fears which are planted in early days often last for many years, and, unreasonable as they are, they cannot easily be uprooted.

The writer of the letter realises the source of her fears, and that should help her to get rid of them. I need hardly assure her that an operation nowadays is much less alarming than it was even twenty years ago.

Many of us are cowards when we think about this subject, but when it is over we wonder why we were afraid.

And surely a mother who has borne two children need not be scared at the thought of a surgical operation! In ordinary circumstances she would face it bravely enough. But that fright during childhood has thrown the whole subject out of proportion.

"Humanist" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Classics Long-Shot

IT was demonstrated, without a shadow of doubt, at Kempton Park on Easter Monday, that Foxborough II is no world-beater. Perhaps the tall, overgrown colt will be nearer his best by St. Leger time. It was at the back end that he showed his form last year.

The Kempton performance of Rogerstone Castle was the best trial we have seen, and Donoghue unquestionably has a bright chance of winning the Guineas with this colt.

The Greenham Stakes winner, Fairstone, must enter calculations, and I could certainly fancy this one more for the Newmarket mile test than for the Derby.

Dhoti continues to please critics, and this colt is a great favourite of mine. If he finishes in the first four in the Guineas, back him to win the Derby.

Many readers have asked if there is a "dark 'un" in the classics with a chance. I have heard of three or four, and the news concerning one of them is particularly flattering. This long-shot is Triguero, trained by veteran Dick Dawson. The colt is by the Derby winner, Trigo, out of Wish Maiden, and thus a full brother to that game little horse, Senor.

Present impressions are that Rogerstone Castle will win the Guineas. Even if he should win, do not back him for the Derby—he won't stay a mile and a half.

I'm expecting Dhoti to run very well at Newmarket and Epsom.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 20, to Wednesday, April 26.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U 97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: W93FKS9398 would read PIGSKIN.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. JZ942R94 would read CLEEVE.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS. MAKE money, sell again. Ladies', Gent's & Children's Bargains in Drapery, Silk Stockings, Hankies, Socks, Neckties, etc. Catalogue & Guide free; worth pounds.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas St., Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 asstd. articles 10/-, 48 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

SMALL Traders, apply for free 184-page catlg. of up-to-the-minute lines.—L. Frankenberg, Ltd., 37, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

DRAPERS.—112-p. Illus. Spring Catlg. Post Free. Covers all depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest Selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satis. Guid. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

A NEW genuine quick repeating line for canvassers, etc. Everybody your customer.—M. Belmore & Co., 5, Mitre St., E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

A MONEY-MAKING spare-time hobby. Unfailing way of earning £2-£5 per week in leisure hours—beginners welcomed. No experience or capital needed. Everything supplied free.—Write (mentioning *John Bull*) for details to Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

EMPLOYMENT.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 337), 17-19, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1939 (FREE). Contains information on Pay, Prospects and new Entrance Department for all Forces. — Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 902), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects with pension. No exp. reqd. For Free details of vacancies and preparation therefor apply, Chambers College (Dept. 819), 335, High Holborn, W.C.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMEN. — Numerous vacancies available in Electrical, Mechanical, Aeronautical and other branches of Engineering, Building, G.P.O., etc., for men age 17-40. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, prospects, etc., FREE from N.I.E. (Dept. 362), Staple Inn Buildings, W.C.1.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES. — Both sexes—aged 15 to 23—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 831), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SALES VACANCIES.—Every year 4,000 new men are required. You can qualify by interesting home study to receive introductions to SALARIED POSITIONS.—Send to-day for Free book, "Salesmanship," to Dept. 19A, WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

START a Printing Business at Home and Earn Pound Notes with the new Adana Machine. Cash or easy terms.—Write for interesting Free Book, "£ £'s from Print." For address see Adana advertisement, top of page 3.

TO RETAILERS AND SMALL TRADERS.

Local trade is limited, so why not SELL BY POST—the modern method of Trading? Advertise bargain line in *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER RECENTLY REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 28, 87-89, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 10s. per line.

A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 10s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 87-89, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

LOOK!—BEAUTIFUL HAND-MADE FEATHER MOUNTED CURIOS. DOZEN, 5/6: SAMPLE, 1/3. POST PAID.—H. HARTHUM, 2431, 80. 73RD, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

A FOLDING CAMERA for 15/-. Perfect Landscapes, Portraits, Groups, etc. Write for particulars to Sobo, Ltd. *See* advert. on page 3.

FREE WATCHES for *John Bull* Readers. Would you like a handsome guaranteed Gent's 18-ct. Gold-plated Wrist Watch? Here is an opportunity to obtain one quite free from Whitehall Supplies. There's no catch. See advt. on page 3. Callers invited.

FOR your Spring wear. Made to measure, ready to wear, the Fifty Shilling Tailors offer a wonderful range of new Spring patterns. Their large staff of expert cutter-designers will satisfy your needs and any little personal wishes you may have with regard to cut and finish will be gladly attended to. The Fifty Shilling Tailors also take special interest in the needs of younger men, for whom a large variety of good, hard-wearing cloths are always kept in stock. And for the ladies, too, a smart tailor-made suit by the Fifty Shilling Tailors will please the most exacting eye. Thousands already wear them. For further information see the special Front Cover announcement.

It wins in a canter
Yes, "Digger" carries the weight of the betting on any smoking programme. It is a 'stayer' for quality. Eightpence an ounce is the 'starting-price,' and smokers who back it for a place in their pipe find they are on a winner every time. Remember, "DIGGER" HAS A LARGER SALE THAN ANY OTHER EMPIRE TOBACCO.
PLAYER'S
DIGGER
TOBACCOS
8d
FLAKE SHAG PLUG MIXTURE HONEYDEW
FD70

GET full particulars of the Murphy Wireless sets, as illustrated on page 6. The new Murphy Radio can be obtained with Armchair Control and hire-purchase terms are available on every model.

FREE.—Get a copy of Jay's Furnishing catalogue by filling in the coupon on page 33. Wonderful Furnishing Bargains can be obtained, including Pianos, as well as Bedroom Suites and Dining-room Suites. Cross out the catalogues not required.

A FREE Style Leaflet, giving full particulars, prices, etc., of the latest and best in Weathercoats for men and women can be obtained by writing to Dept. 24, Chas. Macintosh & Co., Ltd., Bridport Road, Edmonton, London, N.18. C.M. Weathercoats are smart and wonderful value. Waterproofs from 10/6. Raincoats from 21/-. Send for free Leaflet. See page 26.

CAMPING EQUIPMENT.

K.B.L. 11-ft. Marquee, 5 ft. wide, 6 ft. high, 35/-. Smaller model, 8½ ft., 28/6. 6-ft. hiker's tent, 6/9. Terms for cash. Send for Catalogue. NUTTALL, 30, Goodmayes, Ilford.

GARDENING.

LOOK to your Lawn. Now is the right time to secure a Garden Scythe from Wm. Penn, Ltd. See the advertisement on page 3.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 27/6, or 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.—R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 29, Paddock Wood, Kent.

SPRING in the garden.—If you like making your garden just a little different get a copy of the April number of "GARDENING," edited by Richard Sudell, F.R.H.S. Contains 23 articles and features and 93 magnificent illustrations—100 pages of practical ideas, layouts, and diagrams. Other outstanding contents: How to succeed with rock plants, the art of landscaping, an easily-built rose arbour, also the famous gardening calendar (what to do in April), etc., etc. Another thing, "GARDENING" slips into the pocket, making it easy to read and easy to carry. It is Britain's most beautiful Gardening magazine. Price 6d.—on sale everywhere. Look for the cover showing marvellous Lupins in full colour.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

REGULAR SPARE CASH FOR YOU.—Useful EXTRA money can be made by keeping poultry—but you must go about it in the right way. Whether you contemplate starting now with a few birds in the garden or you've kept Poultry for some time—be sure to see the splendid 1939 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book. On sale now, this invaluable book of nearly FOUR HUNDRED PAGES is packed with practical information and expert advice—essential help that solves every poultry problem—that makes poultry-keeping REALLY PROFITABLE. Send 2/6 P.O. to-day for your copy to "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers . . . a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keeper's Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.25, 65, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE Sample of CEPHOS, the Safe and Certain Physician's Remedy for Colds, Headaches, Neuralgia and Rheumatism. In Powder or Tablet form. Does not affect the heart. Send p.c. to CEPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

A FREE Sample of Urace Brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered on p. 29.

A FREE copy of the new Yadil health book is offered on page 31.

FREE to indigestion sufferers—pocket (or handbag) sample of Moorland Indigestion tablets and diet chart. Write, mentioning *John Bull* (enclosing 1½d. stp.) to W. B. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, Leeds. See p. 33.

FREE.—If you are run-down, lack energy, send for free booklet, "Iron Starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength." Fill in coupon on p. 33 or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.76), Watford, Herts.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on the Back Cover for free sample of Elasto, the biomedical remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet fully explaining the Elasto treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

IF you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by filling in the coupon in the Potter & Clarke announcement on page 37 for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?" which gives valuable information as to the treatment of bronchitis, etc. If you prefer, you can write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1. See page 37.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THORN'S Garden Sheds and Greenhouses are easily erected. All in sections. Just bolt together—that's all. Models in Cedar or Deal. Lowest prices. From 2/- down. Catalogue free:—Thorn's (Box 23), Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

BE a first-rate "Swing" Pianist in six concise lessons. Turn to page 34 and send for free 20 pages Prospectus, giving full details of the Jules Ruben System.

WRITE, mentioning *John Bull*, for free List of Webley Air Pistols. They are marvellously accurate for target practice and no licence is required to purchase. See page 29.

MOTHERS, send for this free Book! If you have a baby, you must have a copy of "Hints to Mothers." Just send a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to John Steedman and Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17, and a free copy will come by return. See page 28.

SNOWFIRE Powder-Cream gives your skin an enchanting bloom that neither warmth nor wind can spoil. Put on in a few seconds, it lasts for hours. Snowfire Powder-Cream can be obtained in many shades, including Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle, Ivory and Sun-tan. See page 27.

SHAVING news! Have you seen and tried the new Thin Gillette Blade—6 for 1/-, 12 for 2/-? Specially designed for tender skins and honed to the famous Gillette edge, the new Thin Gillette Blades give maximum comfort at minimum cost. If you want to enjoy the perfect shave, get some Thin Gillette Blades at once. See page 22.

HALEX Tooth Brushes are specially designed to reach every tiny crevice and thus will make all the hidden danger spots clean and safe. The springy bristles massage the gums into tingling health and keep your teeth polished like pearls. You can choose a Halex Tooth Brush from 9 shapes and they can be obtained from 6d. to 2/-. And they are British! See page 27.

BUY your house through the Prudential. Every reader of *John Bull* interested in buying a house should not fail to get full details of the Prudential plan, which provides a combination of life assurance and for the advance up to 90 per cent. of the value of the house. You will not have to pay rent and your premium payments can be spread over 15 or 20 years. In the event of your death, the house would be freed from mortgage. Fill in the coupon at once on page 25 for full particulars.

Win a PENSION plus BIG "JOHN BULL" CHEQUE and FREE HOLIDAY or ONE LUMP SUM OF £500

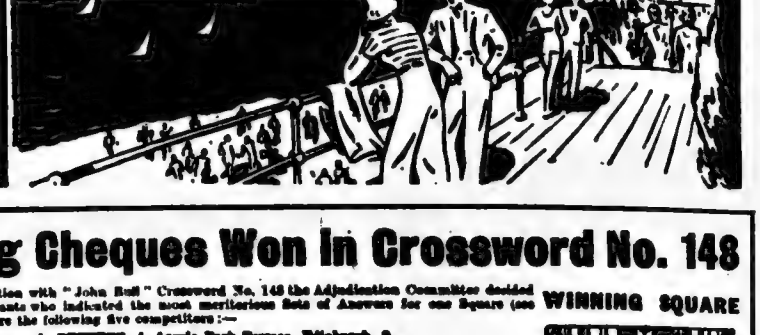
£20 WEEKLY for LIFE plus £250 Cash and

£150 INCREASED HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for SECOND RUNNERS-UP

FREE SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO

Fares, Hotel Accommodation and £2 Entertainment Bonus to provide glorious Seaside Week for Two.



READ THESE RULES.

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), and bear POSTMARK of not later than Thursday, April 27, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Friday, April 28.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 11. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, May 16, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 6.

FREE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN £1,000!

Each entrant of the two 1s. Entry Forms below, accompanied by necessary 2s. entry-fee, is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Big Pension plus Celebration Week-end Offer. Coupons on page 39. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

AORSS CLUES

1. Vet would always know way to cure mare's
2. Boot is frequently difficult to
6. Some hotels can be relied upon to have this for customers
7. Breakfast is first one of day
10. This of food is likely to worry riverside dweller badly
11. Owner of small yacht may be glad to make one when storm arises
12. May be the kind that makes a brave show
18. Sound made by cow
20. It will probably be better if dirty one is cleaned up
21. It's well worth keeping a good one on farm
22. May be followed enthusiastically when one is taking part

DOWN CLUES

1. In some cases this strikes false note
3. Place where troops are lodged in tents
4. Some people think war is this
5. We often do this to save roasting
8. There are some workers who have to do this early in mornings
9. One frequently snaps when tried
12. Some people are scared of this
14. It may be hard to tear oneself away from
15. Football match makes good one
16. If publican is whisky expert he'll be able to give you a good one
17. Unruly one may be a nuisance
19. Possess

5 Big Cheques Won in Crossword No. 148

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 148 the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following five competitors:—

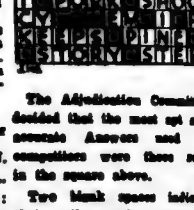
A. BENNETT, 4, Argyle Park Terrace, Edinburgh, 9.
D. JAMES, Vardon House, Pontlottyn, Llanelly, Carms.
W. D. LEE, Mount Pleasant, Llandudno, Colwyn Bay.
C. S. ROBERTS, "Greenfield," Playford Rd., Ipswich.
T. W. ROBERTS, Penmarth, Surry, Chm.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £250, and a cheque for £70 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, April 25, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 50 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £1 11s. 11d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified. A doubled Cash Prize will be sent to every Runner-up whose entry was one of 1s. 6d. or over for this Contest.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

Two blank spaces indicate that at these points VALE or VASE and HOODS or HOOPS were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. GULL. 5. WHIP. 7. BULL. 8. BOOM. 10. ALP. 12. SIGN. 15. VALE or VASE. 18. POKE. 19. KEEPS. 20. STORY. 21. STEP.
DOWN.—1. GAZE. 2. TELL. 4. HOODS or HOOPS. 6. PUMP. 9. PLAN. 9. RUIN. 11. ALMS. 12. SLICE. 13. CAKE. 16. SHOP. 17. MINT. 18. YES.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 148.—The £10 Cash Bonus offered to "Good Shot" winners in Crossword No. 143 has been divided between the following three successful claimants: A. Blackburn, Longwood, Huddersfield; E. Higgins, Garston, Liverpool; and T. H. Sandy, Paignton, Devon.

CONTINUITY BONUS WINNER IN CROSSWORD No. 147:—The £200 Continuity Bonus offered in Crossword No. 147 has been won outright by the following sharer of the First Prize in Crossword No. 148:—W. D. Lee, Colwyn Bay.

"CUT ROUND BROKEN LINES"

FOR FREE X-WORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON.

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here.	Affix 1½d. Stamp Here.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on NEW BLOT-FREE "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin."

I want (a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.
(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

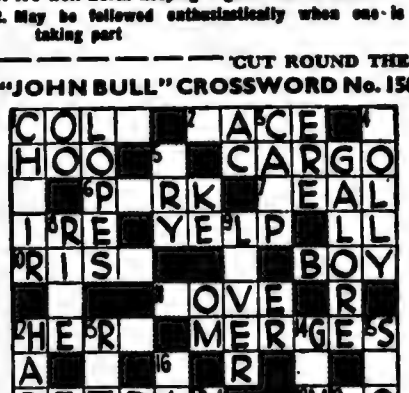
Name .....

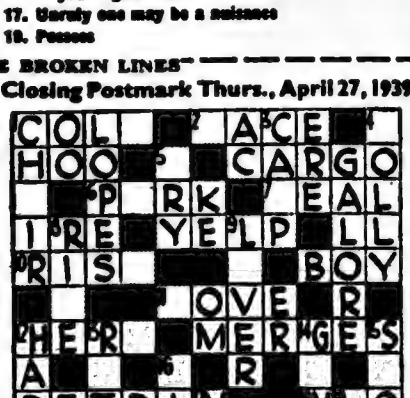
Address .....

N.B.—Enclose with entry or post direct to: "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2

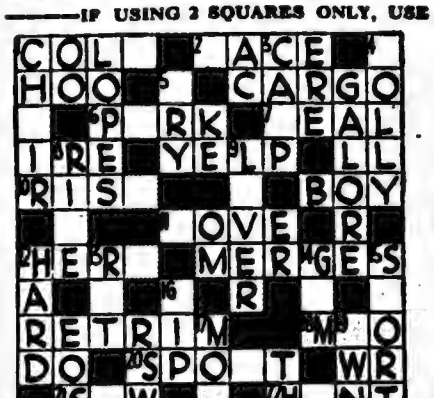
"CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES"

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 150. Closing Postmark Thurs., April 27, 1939





—IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE—



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

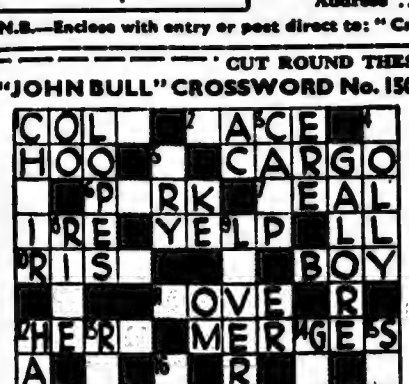
SIGNED .....

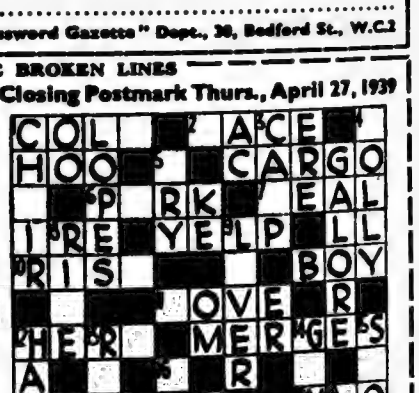
ADDRESS .....

.....

"CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES"

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 150. Closing Postmark Thurs., April 27, 1939





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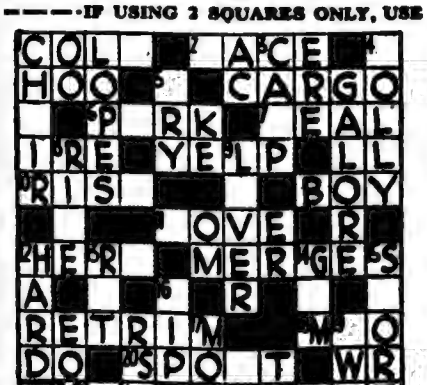
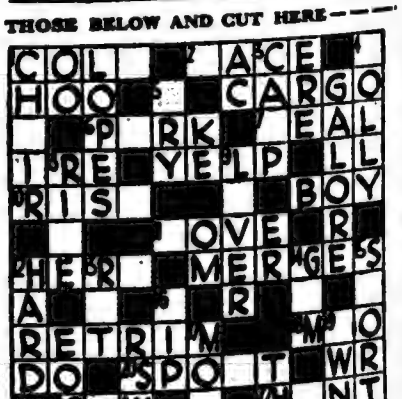




In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d.
8 SQUARES 2s.

SIGNED .....

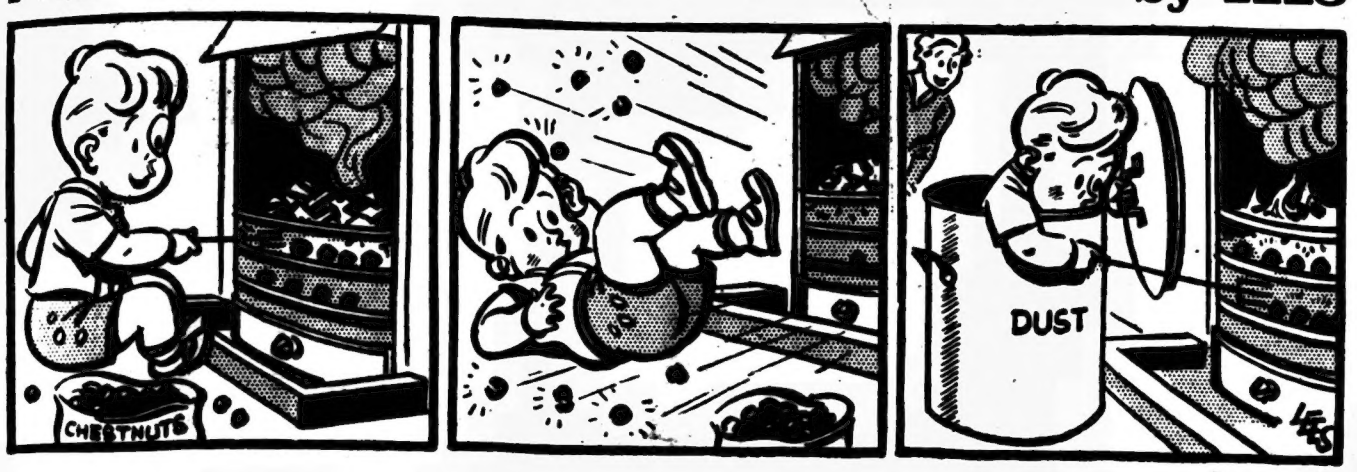
ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 150, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

COLOSSAL ONE-WEEK HOLIDAY OFFER COMING!

The Kid - - - - - - by LEES



The Editor Laughs Last

"Bullets" Illustrated:
Our Twins—Agreeing—
Both Want Biggest!

ENQUIRER (Cork).—"They say there are two ages for women. What are they?" Twenty and not yet thirty.

A. J. B. (Yeovil).—"A fellow-passenger in the compartment tried on his gas mask." What were you smoking?

C. J. (Seaford).—"Is there any essential difference between 'sight' and vision'?" Call a girl both and you'll see.

T. L. (Dovercourt).—"A friend of mine earns £20 a week on the halls simply by whistling." We are keeping the news from our office-boy.

F. N. (Maidenhead).—"The young man of to-day doesn't like to be regarded as a stick-in-the-mud." Nevertheless, that's his position if he can't punt properly.

L. B. (Chiswick).—"A man doesn't need any special tuition to become adept at collecting litter in the parks." He just picks it up as he goes along.

L. N. (Everton).—"My wife regularly shouts herself hoarse at football matches." You are another one who doesn't welcome the end of the season?

MRS. T. (Rye).—"I can give you the secret of good cooking in a nutshell." But surely a saucepan would be more practical?

PUBLIC SPEAKER (Islington).—"Is it possible to get an appreciative audience in the streets of a big town?" Yes, if you are motoring and have to mend a puncture.

R. L. (Hitchin).—"He sold it to me as an intelligent sporting dog, but the first time I fired my gun it ran and hid behind a tree." Well, what better proof of its intelligence do you want?

V. N. (Bristol).—"What have you done with the diagram I sent you last week showing how the operation was performed on my leg?" Oh, was that what it was? We filed it among the correspondence about the Channel Tunnel.

R. B. (Ventnor).—"Long trains are coming back." The one we missed the other morning didn't.

G. H. (Gloucester).—"We were travelling at high speed. Suddenly the car swerved and I fell out." You left it in the lurch?

A. B. (Kew).—"I know a designer of women's hats who once studied to be a caricaturist." Apparently he succeeded.

MRS. Y. (Iver).—"My husband says that I cook just like his mother did." See letter below.

MR. Y. (Iver).—"My mother was never much good at cooking and my wife is just as bad." See letter above.

D. K. (Ipswich).—"It is a true saying that an apple a day keeps the doctor away." Well, it depends on the aim.

K. L. (Frinton).—"I prophesy that in fifty years' time we shall all be working for the Government." There will be nothing new in that.

MISS D. (Colne).—"I told him that I would not let any man kiss me until I was engaged." Well, be a sport and let him know as soon as you're engaged.

STEEPLEJACK (Stoke).—"When my mate brought the news that I had won a big prize, I was at the top of a church spire. How excited I felt!" But you didn't jump for joy, we hope.

COMEDIAN (Balcombe).—"When I see how much the shops charge for fruit nowadays I recall how different it was in my early touring days." When you had it thrown at you?

R. T. (Reading).—"For a practical joke we filled up the band's instruments with rubbish and we hadn't got the nerve to attend the concert." You couldn't face the music.

SHOP ASSISTANT (Kettering).—"I have noticed that it is always the young people who push to the front when there is a crowd at the counter." Youth will be served.

T. R. (Regent's Park).—"Bears at the Zoo have been depressed lately." One theory is that owing to the popularity of the panda they fear there might be a bun shortage.

E. M. (Truro).—"As he was leaving the room his revolver went off by accident and the bullet passed right through my hair without injuring me." A sort of parting shot, as it were?

R. Y. (Oxford).—"I am busy working on a pendulum which will make it possible for people to see the earth turning round." We doubt, however, if it will be as effective as the old-fashioned corkscrew.

A. B. (Dover).—"Are the skins of cats useful for anything?" Yes, for keeping cats warm.

R. M. (Birmingham).—"I now travel in rubber-lined perambulators." And who pushes them?

MISS M. (Ryde).—"What can a good mannequin command?" Admiring glances.

L. E. (Hull).—"I can honestly say I have not been even a minute late for work for two years." We're sorry you've been unemployed so long.

BILL (Liverpool).—"I am convinced that betting is a mug's game." So the season has started badly for you, too?

A. N. (Ashurst).—"What do you think the manager said when I asked him who was waiting at my table?" That you were?

H. J. (Ponders End).—"Do you believe that horseshoes are lucky?" If they are, the horses we've backed recently must have been running unshod.

E. M (Lincoln).—"Believe me, self-esteem is of more value than mere money." We must tell our income-tax collector to give himself a pat on the back.

P. T. C. (Streatham).—"I shall feel lost without the excitement of Saturday football." Shoot in a few words on a coupon cut from page 39 and you may well know the thrill of scoring a £1,000 goal.

E. M. (Manchester).—"A neighbour of mine has been given six months' hard labour for sending threatening letters through the post." We must let our tailor know about this.

F. N. (Merstham).—"Allegations about the misbehaviour of crowds at football matches are fantastic. The average spectator wouldn't say 'boo' to a goose." Why should he? He prefers to concentrate on the referee.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

EVENING STANDARD:—"They were charged with CONSTRUCTING the highway."

CITY AND EAST LONDON OBSERVER:—"... and has appeared as guest performer with many of America's great SWINE orchestras."

THE GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"The Empire Exhibition buildings were regarded as UNSUITABLE for utilisation as factories."

THE BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"To-day was the ANNUAL WEEKLY sitting of the Romford Sessional Court."

BURTON FOOTBALL MAIL:—"Bradford gave the TOWN defenders some hard work when they attacked in WINE."

● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925)

Presbyterian Mixture

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

Asthma & Bronchitis

Don't miss this offer—valuable BOOKLET sent FREE—Get relief quickly

Every sufferer should have a copy of this booklet and learn more about the cause and treatment of Asthma and Bronchitis, etc., and how to overcome the terrible suffering caused by these complaints. Just inhale the fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure and instantly that nightly gasping for breath and attacks of coughing cease. No medicine or tablets to take. Don't hesitate, because the longer you allow Asthma to remain in your system, the stronger hold it will have on you. No need for delay as every chemist sells Potter's. It is just as good in cases of Catarrh, Chronic Colds, Croup, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, etc. Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6, or direct post free 1/9.

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
Please send me, post free, a copy of your booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Name.....
Address.....
John Bull

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

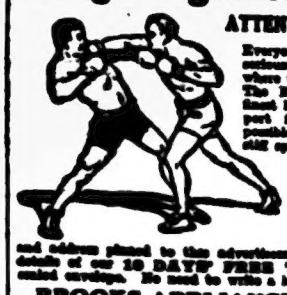
Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1/3.

A Fight Against Rupture

ATTENTION vs. NEGLECT



Everyone should realise the seriousness of rupture, even where the protrusion is small. The Brooks Appliance is the finest kind of mechanical support for nature that it is possible to build. Hard pads and stiff springs are entirely eliminated. Our Automatic Air Cushion, light, cool and absolutely unlikely, is protected by patents in the British Isles and all important foreign countries. Your name and address placed to this advertisement will bring complete details of our 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL plan in plain sealed envelope. No need to write a letter.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(Dept. 39), 30, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(Dept. 39), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

FROM PAIN to BLESSED RELIEF—

a few minutes does the trick!

People now demand instant relief—'ASPRO' gives it to them. It is the medicine of a new age, doing in a few minutes that which other medicines claim to do, but often do not do in days. 'ASPRO' dispels headaches like magic, relieves rheumatism in one night, brings sweet sleep to the sleepless, and is the greatest help that medical science has given to the world for the protection of every member of the household. 'ASPRO' is both quick and safe—all can take it anywhere and everywhere. 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart or the digestion. Neither does it cause gastric trouble, nor is it habit-forming. It is the quickest acting, safest medicine for your use ever devised. WHY NOT TRY 'ASPRO' TABLETS TO-DAY.

'ASPRO'

has fulfilled the demand for a quick-acting, pain-relieving medicine that DOES NOT HARM THE HEART—DOES NOT CREATE A CRAVING—& IS NOT HABIT FORMING

Try it for →

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

HEADACHE & TOOTHACHE SOOTHED AWAY

38, Golden Hillock Road,
Primrose Hill, Netherton,
Nr. Dudley, Worcs.

Dear Sirs,

I have been a sufferer of Headache and Toothache for several months. I have tried many remedies without success. I was recommended by a friend to try 'ASPRO.' I bought a small box and with the first two I found relief in a very short time. I can honestly say we have never been without 'ASPRO' in our home since. I only wish other sufferers of Headache and Toothache would try 'ASPRO' as I did.

Yours very truly,
G. TAYLOR.

MARVELLOUS FOR MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM

46, Richmond Avenue,
Highams Park,
London, E.4.

Dear Sirs,

Having suffered from muscular rheumatism for months, I decided to give 'ASPRO' tablets a trial and the benefit I have derived from them is simply marvellous. I can fully recommend them.—Yours gratefully,
M. TAYLOR (Mrs.).

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

NURSE'S ADVICE 'ASPRO' & HOT MILK FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

Bredbo,
Cooma Line, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,

Allow me to thank you for your wonderful 'ASPRO' tablets. During my 15 years of nursing I used them regularly for patients, without complaints. If I found a patient not sleeping well at nights, I gave two 'ASPRO' tablets followed by a drink of hot milk. The patient then slept until morning.

Their value, as far as a nurse's life is concerned, is beyond words and I can safely recommend 'ASPRO' to anyone.—Yours faithfully,

SISTER T.,
A.T.N.A.

TAKE 'ASPRO' AND KEEP WELL

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO LIMITED
SLOUGH BUCKS.
Telephone: SLOUGH 600

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

'ASPRO' WORKS WONDERS FOR FAMILY'S ILLS

Mrs. E. D. writes from Kingston:—

"I feel it my duty to write and let you know how wonderful your 'ASPRO' tablets are for the whole family.

"I had a bad attack of influenza followed by tonsilitis. I was very bad. I had some 'ASPRO' in the house. I took 2 every five hours and within three days I was well. They are worth having in everyone's home. I am never without them. I give them to all my family: even my boy of six and a half takes one when he has a headache or earache and he is all right a quarter of an hour after. It has worked wonders in my home, saved us many a doctor's bill. I always recommend 'ASPRO' to all my friends and family."

All Leading Chemists & Stores Stock & Display 'ASPRO'

ASPRO

PRICES 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

Quick with your Entry!

£1,000

TWO farmers, two parsons, an insurance agent, a furniture salesman, a young printer, a bank accountant—these are just some of the typical JOHN BULL readers who have recently captured a fine *Bullets* First Prize. Whatever *your* walk in life, you can win in *Bullets*—and this week's huge reward for two, three or four words would provide you with comforts and luxuries for many years to come.

Use the next half-hour to make up some *Bullets* for those coupons on opposite page and one of them may well bring you £1,000 in cheques from Long Acre, heralded by a thrilling First Prize Joy Wire on Friday, May 12.

But remember—only if you seize this great one-week opportunity promptly can you be amongst this Contest's 6,045 prize-winners.

COUPONS AND "EXAMPLES" ON NEXT PAGE ☞

'BULLETS' 1,164 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE £300 Cash, plus nine other Presentations, or £500

F. D. FIDLER, 1, Cranfield Gardens, St. Stephen's Road, Hounslow.

Example: OUR SHELTER
Bullet: *Bells* CALL US TO.

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

Miss A. ENTWISTLE, 5, Nancy Street, Darwen, Lancs.

Example: We'll Be Happy When
Bullet: Germany "Ringed"? Into "Circle"!

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

A. WALLACE, 28, Bannerman Street, Kilbowie, Clydebank.

Example: Her Hat
Bullet: Defies "Age"—Dad's, Time!

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: G. R. KING, 5, Wind Street, Swansea.
Kept On—Sunny Smile—"Sun" Smiled. (Entered on Prize coupon.)

£9: P. H. DAY, 218, Shaftesbury Avenue, Thorpe Bay, Essex.
She Thinks She Can Sing, But—*Dog* "Hit Right Note"! (Entered on Prize coupon.)

£8: Mrs. GLOVER, Hill Side, Bridgewood, nr. Rochester, Kent.
Our Shelter—Sonny's "Castle"—Civilisation's "Dungeon."

£7: H. GARWOOD, 33, Lavender Close, Carshalton, Surrey.
Kept On—Britain's "Gloves," Till Hurt.

£6: E. ELLIS, Chilton Private School, Elwy Road, Rhos-on-Sea.
She Thinks She Can Sing, But—One Bar—One Bolts!

£5: C. FARRELL FERRIDAY, 48, Highbury Grove, London, N.
Spirit Of Democracy—Slower Starting—Power Startling.

£4: Mrs. M. P. TRUSS, 6, Endway, Tolworth, Surbiton, Surrey.
Our Shelter—Or Hitler's "Protection"—Which?

10 PRIZES OF £3 EACH:

W. AINSCOUGH, 384, Bolton Road, Aspull, nr. Wigan.
Our Shelter—Useful, Had We Coal!

S. BING, 26, Ulysses Road, West Hampstead, London, N.W.
Government Department—Where *Blame's* "Pushed Along."

A. BRITTON, 226, Bristol Road, Bridgwater, Somerset.
Spirit Of Democracy—In Budget's "Nips," Remember!

W. H. DEAN, Danebury, Caerleon, Mon.
Auntie Loves Animals, But—Keeps "Rhino Locked Up."

W. FARLEY, 130, Disraeli Street, Blyth, Northumberland.
Spring's In The Air, So—Chins Up—Chintz Down. (Entered on Prize coupon.)

G. E. GOODBODY, 35, Alfriston Avenue, North Harrow, Middx.
Pill For The Taxpayer—While Dictator's "Tongue Unhealthy."

H. JAMES, 4, Percy Street, Shrewsbury.
Her Hat—"Exclusive"? I'd Say "Scoop"!

E. H. MILMOE, 42, Orangefield Crescent, Belfast.
She Thinks She Can Sing, But—We'd Prefer Grandpa's Jokes!

Mrs. C. REID, 156, Hilton Drive, Aberdeen.
Blow For The Dictators—Nearly Burst Ikey's Punch ball!

Mr. WATKINS, Park and Dare Hall, Treorchy, Glam.
Pill For The Taxpayer—And Doctor "Prescribed" Holiday! (Entered on Prize coupon.)

List of 10 winners of £2, 10 of £1, 20 of 10s. and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in connection with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the first being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "A/c Entrant's name, address and date of postal order must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

IN "BULLETS" CHEQUES MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT

for only 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

1 1 6 8

WINNER RECEIVES **£100** CASH IMMEDIATELY, FOLLOWED BY

£100 ON MAY 15, 1942

£100 ON MAY 15, 1945

£100 ON MAY 15, 1948

£100 ON MAY 15, 1951

£100 ON MAY 15, 1954

£100 ON MAY 15, 1957

£100 ON MAY 15, 1960

£100 ON MAY 15, 1963

£100 ON MAY 15, 1966

FIRST PRIZE JOY WIRE, FRI. MAY 12

6,044 OTHER AWARDS

£25	£10	£9			
£8	£7	£6	£5	£4	£3
10 of £2-10	25 of £1	5,000 GOOD SHOT AWARDS			

AND

1,000 ENTERTAINING NEW 2-IN-1 SURPRISE AWARDS

HOW TO WIN

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, TORCH OF DEMOCRACY, you might jot down *Dictators' Speeches Haven't Affected*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, TORCH OF DEMOCRACY—FLAMING, DESPITE DICTATORS' "WIND."

Before starting on your *Bullets*, study the leading efforts in our 1,164th Contest opposite. Then get to work, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, April 29.

ADDED ATTRACTION: Last six "Examples" in list are for completion with any ONE additional word of your own choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITANNIA'S PATIENT, BUT
TORCH OF DEMOCRACY
TO CRUSH THE TYRANT
HITLER'S MISTAKE
LIBERTY
WHAT WE MAKE
MAN WE CAN TRUST
HE'S A PARSON, SO
STUMPED DAD
NOT QUITE
THROWING MONEY AWAY
DENIED
FEELING BETTER
THIS GENERATION
THE DOOR OPENED AND
FLOWERS
TO HENPECK'S SURPRISE
VOLUNTEERING TO HELP
OPENED HIS EYES
ANOTHER CRISIS

Incomplete "Examples"—see notice below:

END OF THE .....
NOW DAD'S .....
OUGHT TO BE .....
..... OF SUCCESS
IN WAR'S .....
WHEN AUNTIE .....

ONE WEEK ONLY

WINNER will be required to make signed application for each £100 cheque, excepting the first, within 14 days of date it becomes due. If preferred, £300 lump sum may be chosen in place of 10-in-1 PRIZE.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,168) | Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 29.

Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,168) | Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 29.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,168) | Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 29.

Signed .....
Address .....

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, APRIL 29.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,168, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

Look out for Next Week's BIG PENSION OFFER!

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,168 and Crossword No. 150, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, April 29.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,168 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £400 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,163 will be displayed in the window of F. L. Jackman, 117, Neasden Lane, N.W.10.

Should you wish to use Advertiser's Coupon on back, or enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,168, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

AS THE WATERS FLOW SO SHOULD THE BLOOD!

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Stagnation Means Decay!

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take for example that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample (see coupon below). Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read what users of Elasto say!

"*Varicose Veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*I attribute my recovery from rheumatoid arthritis solely to Elasto.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Suffered for years from a weak heart but Elasto cured me.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Elasto has cured my bad leg.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day.*"
"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"
"*The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto.*"
"*It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath.*"
"*I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic.*"
"*I was in terrible agony with arthritis, almost crippled, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone, I have never felt better.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit.*"
"*I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto.*"
"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health.*"
Etc., Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

It Acts Like Magic!

The Wonder Tablet!

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill In This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW; while you think of it, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (DEPT. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, the Great Blood Revitalizer, cures through the Blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

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S.B.No. 10250. *Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.* 35

Elasto will save you pounds!

J.B.I.68 55* B172 A333

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